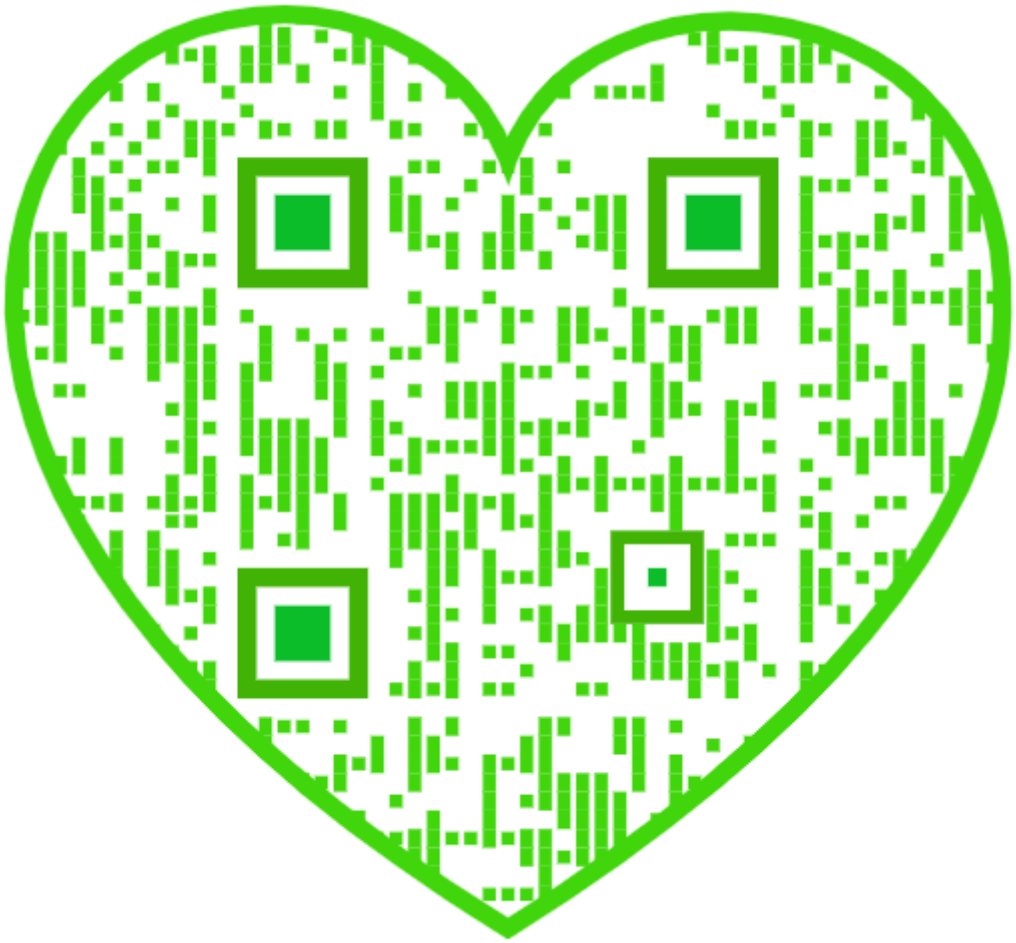

A PRIMER

OF

SPANISH LITERATURE

BY

Mrs. HELEN S. CONANT

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PREFACE.

In this little volume an attempt is made to trace the history of Spanish literature, from its rise in the twelfth century to the present time. Ecclesiastical and civil tyranny have at all periods exerted a repressive influence on thought and learning in Spain, and prevented that general expansion of intellect which is the glory of England, Germany, and France; so that, while few nations can boast a greater number of highly cultivated writers, classical scholarship not having fallen under the ban of Church or State, the mass of the people have remained ignorant and superstitious, and the lights of Spanish literature glitter like stars in a dark firmament. In her romantic and chivalrous period, Spain gave to the world the glorious poem of the Cid, and the Moorish ballads; in her classical period, em-

bracing portions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the immortal works of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon. Then succeeds an interval of comparative intellectual sterility, broken by the general uprising of the peoples of Europe, which marked the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when many brilliant intellects, casting off the shackles of oppression, blazed forth for a time, and gave promise of a new era for Spain. The modern period boasts of many splendid names: and in proportion as civil and religious liberty gains strength in the Peninsula, we may expect to witness the spread of thought, of knowledge, and of literary activity in the country of Cervantes.

H. S. C.

1878.

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A PRIMER

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SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE national literature of Spain dates no farther back than the twelfth century. Previous to that time the unsettled state of the country was adverse to literary development, and neither the language, nor the Castilians themselves as a nation, had attained any established character.

The dominion of the Romans, which had endured for six hundred years, was overthrown at the beginning of the fifth century by the invasion of the Vandals, the Visigoths, the Suevi, and the Alani.

The strongest of these invaders were the Visigoths; a fortunate circumstance, as they were far in advance of the other tribes, not only in warlike prowess, but also in learning and enlightenment. In time they crushed out the other invaders, and the whole terri-

tory of Spain, with the exception of a few seaports, dependencies of the Greeks of Constantinople, came under their absolute control. The Visigoths raised those that remained of the ancient Romans to equal citizenship with themselves; just laws were promulgated, and the same social advantages allowed to all alike. During the sixth century the Goths, hitherto Arians, adopted Catholicism, and the connection between the two races became closer than before. Latin was the language in which all their laws and chronicles were written; and although Spanish philologists generally concede that the Castilian tongue had its origin during the Gothic rule in Spain, there exist no written proofs of the condition of the language at that time.

When, about 710, the Moors invaded Spain, the Goths were ruled over by King Rodrigo, who had given offence to his nobles, not only by the manner of his election to the throne, but also by the looseness of his morals. Rodrigo, incensed that some of his most powerful leaders had joined the enemy's forces, rashly hastened to meet the Moors. A decisive battle was fought, in which the Gothic power in Spain was conquered forever. What remained of the Christian forces

retreated into the mountain fastnesses of the northern portion of the Peninsula, and the Mussulmans assumed full possession of their new province.

Spain now became the centre of Arabian culture. Colleges and libraries were established at Córdova, Granada, and other cities, and the people of the surrounding provinces, who had submitted themselves to the new yoke, were free to receive instruction from their captors.

Had the Moors followed the wise example of the Goths, and endeavored to conciliate the conquered race, and to unite with it in matters of social and public interest, the history of the Peninsula might have assumed an altogether different character. But the Moors, although possessed of a spirit of toleration which led them to suffer the conquered people to still enjoy many of their religious and social privileges, were haughty and warlike, and held themselves as masters of the Spaniards by right of conquest. The better classes of the Castilians becoming exasperated at their nominal independence, the ranks of the mountaineers were daily strengthened by numbers seeking refuge from Moorish oppression. The hatred between the two races assumed the most

bitter character, the Moors, on the one hand, regarding the Spaniards as troublesome and rebellious subjects; while the Spaniards themselves considered the Moors as usurpers, and unlawful owners of territory rightfully theirs.

Little by little the valorous mountaineers won back the soil of Spain. At the beginning of the ninth century they already possessed a considerable portion of Old Castile, and a century later they had gained such a foothold that final victory for the Christians appeared imminent. Toledo and Saragossa fell into their hands; and by the beginning of the twelfth century the Moors had been driven down into the southern provinces, where for three hundred years they held their ground against constant attack, until the fall of Granada, in 1492, concluded Moorish rule on Spanish soil.

The Spanish, or Castilian language, was not formed sufficiently to admit of a written literature until as late as the twelfth century. The oldest known document written in Spanish is a charter of privileges granted to the ancient city of Avilés, in Asturias, in 1155. The foundation of the Castilian tongue is Latin, which, having become the language of the Church, was generally

adopted by the Goths when they embraced Christianity.

The long dominion of the Romans in Spain had made Latin the common tongue before the country was overrun by northern barbarians. It was, however, a Latin much corrupted by the introduction of many words from the Basque, the language of the northern mountainous portions of the Peninsula, and from the dialects of the eastern provinces. There might also be found in it traces of the vocabulary of the ancient Iberians, the original inhabitants of the Peninsula. During the Gothic rule this already corrupted Latin received many Gothic words and constructions, and changed by degrees to the Romance, a name signifying little more than that the language was a distant branch of the Roman, or Latin.

At the time of the Moorish invasion three distinct dialects of the Romance were spoken in Spain—the Catalonian, the Gallego, and the Castilian, which forms the basis of modern high Spanish. Remains of the other two dialects have come down to the present day, and are still spoken by the peasantry of Catalonia and Galicia.

The Moorish dominion in Spain also made its impression on the language. Those

Christians who had remained with the Moors had gradually adopted the language of their conquerors. As the Moors were driven southward by the continued attacks of the Castilians, many of the descendants of the original Spaniards remained behind, and became once more associated with their own race. The natural result of this intercourse was the introduction of many Arabic words into Spanish, some of which are in use down to the present time.

Early Literature.—The early Spaniards, occupied with continual wars against the Moors, had little time to devote to letters. Although there were undoubtedly minstrels who celebrated the triumphs of that warlike time in rude verse, there were none to record their utterances. Many ballads and heroic poems of a later date are supposed to have originated in those early days, and to have been passed down from generation to generation, until at length, when they found their recorder, they had become perfected, and, being expressed in a language purified by the cultivation of centuries, they became little more than polished translations of the first rude and simple poems. "Religion, honor, and knightly courtesy," says a Spanish critic, "are the three centres upon which

Spanish civilization revolved during the Middle Ages, and the three fountains from whence sprung the beauty which characterizes early Spanish literature. Although the whole of Europe was under religious influence at the time of the Crusades, that spirit was more powerful in Spain than in any other country, as even its bitter internal war was led by the standard of the Virgin, and was waged against infidels who had usurped the national soil. The contending forces on the Peninsula were not known as Saracens and Spaniards, but as Infidels and Christians. The difference of religious belief placed between them an impassable barrier, and brought about a mutual hatred which allowed no compromise, and demanded nothing less than the extermination of one or the other."

THE CID.

The oldest existing monument of Castilian poetry is the poem of "The Cid," the greatest epic of the Middle Ages; and one whose value cannot be over-estimated, as it presents a vivid historical picture, not only of the domestic customs of the time, but also of the contest between the Moors and Christians in Spain, a contest which was at its height when the poem was written. "El

Cid Campeador," or the Lord Champion, whose real name was Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, was born in the northern part of Spain about the year 1040. His historical character is not in entire accordance with the representation of the ancient poem, where the poet may be supposed to have indulged in the license usually accorded to the mediæval Romancero. The hero, who is presented as the embodiment of Castilian chivalry, was no doubt a valiant chieftain, but he was also blood-thirsty and cruel, a man both feared and hated by the Moors, toward whom he knew no mercy. The Cid is supposed to have died at Valencia about 1100. According to Arabic accounts, his death was hastened by mortification and rage at a Moorish victory.

This remarkable poem is supposed to have been written about the middle of the twelfth century, some fifty years after the hero whose deeds it celebrates had passed away. Its author is unknown. That he was a poet of a superior order is evident, as, in spite of the rude garb in which the poem is presented, it contains many passages of great majesty and pathos. The metre of the poem, as well as the language, is unformed, and destitute of that harmony and musical cadence

which afterward became a distinguishing feature of Spanish verse. There are rude attempts at rhyme, which, however, are little more than the repetition of the same vowel without the harmony of the perfect asonante of later periods. The measure of the verse is irregular, varying from fourteen to twenty, and sometimes running back to twelve syllables.

The story of the poem is rendered somewhat imperfect by the loss of some leaves of the early manuscript. As it is, it opens abruptly where Rodrigo, exiled by his ungrateful king, looks back mournfully on the towering walls of the castle at Bivar. To redeem his fallen fortunes, he plunges into wars, where he finds success and honor, becomes reconciled to his king, and marries his daughters, at the king's request, to the two treacherous Counts of Carrion. Then follows a long account, given with almost childlike directness and simplicity, of the baseness of the counts, of the Cid's appeal to the king for satisfaction, and the disgrace and punishment of the offenders. Full of spirit is the description of the meeting between the champions of the Cid and those of the Counts of Carrion. The following extract will serve as a specimen:

With soul intent and fixed eye each gazes on his foe,
They grasp their shields before their breasts, to guard
them from the blow;
With pennons fluttering in the breeze, down, down
their lances go;
Bowed are their crested helms until they reach the
saddle-bow;
They fiercely strike their horses' flanks, their spurs
with blood are red,
And the earth o'er which they, sounding, ride, doth
tremble at their tread.
Thus three to three so gallantly in fierce encounter
meet.
It seems that all, pierced through, must fall beneath
the horses' feet. *Anonymous.*

After the triumph of the Cid over the false counts, the poem describes the second marriage of his daughters to the Infantes of Aragon and Navarre, and ends with the death of the noble Spanish champion.

Passages of tenderest feeling are not wanting in this ancient poem. Very touching is the farewell of the Cid to his family. Before the departure of her husband, Jimena, prostrate before the cathedral altar, implores God to protect him. The passage concludes thus:

"Thou art the King above all kings, the father of
mankind,
I worship Thee with all my soul, in Thee my trust
I find;

And I implore St. Peter that he help me now to pray
For my Cid, the noble champion, that God him guard alway,
And make that we may meet again, although we part this day."
And now the prayer is finished, the holy mass is o'er,
They leave the church, the warriors are mounting at the door.
But to embrace Jimena the noble Cid doth stand,
She, weeping as her heart would break, doth kiss the champion's hand;
He turns to bless his daughters, who by their mother weep:
"May God and Mary Mother and Christ my children keep!
God knows if we who part this day do ever meet again!"
And thus they parted weeping sore, their tears did fall like rain;
Like wrenching nail and flesh apart, so bitter was the pain.

In the ancient manuscript, where is found this earliest poem of the Cid, there are three other poems, also by unknown authors. Their titles are "The Book of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre," "The Life of Saint Mary of Egypt," and "The Adoration of the Three Holy Kings." As may be inferred from the titles, these poems are not original, but simply childish versions of old legends. Except as specimens of early Spanish they are valueless.

The first Spanish poet whose name and history are known is **Gonzalo de Berceo**, a secular priest of the monastery of St. Milan. The exact date of his birth and death are not recorded, but he was ordained deacon 1221, when he must have been at least twenty-three years old in order to receive that honor. He is mentioned as late as 1246, and probably died soon after, as he appears then to have been an old man. Berceo's works are all on religious subjects. They consist of lives of the saints in verse, legends of the Madonna, and a few hymns, which are the earliest specimens of Spanish lyric poetry. The language of these poems is simple, evidently that in use among the common people, as Berceo, although a priest, makes no pretensions to learning. At the beginning of his life of San Domingo de Silos, he presents an apology for not writing in Latin, as did most monks of that time. He says: "I shall tell a story in the plain Romance, in which the common man is wont to talk to his neighbor, for I am not enough learned to use other Latin."

Although Berceo's poetry is simple, devout, and often rude in form, it contains many passages of exquisite beauty. The following lines are an intensely poetic de-

scription of a shady retreat on a summer's noontide. They are from his most important work, "The Miracles of the Virgin Mary," a poem of three thousand lines:

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the gentle summer-tide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side;
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.
Flowers with sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the scene, but stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
Ice cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.
There on the thick and shadowy trees amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple seen,
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between;
None were unpleasant to the taste and none decayed, I ween.
The verdure of the meadows green, the odor of the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noontide hours;
Oh one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers.

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze;
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees. *Anonymous.*

Another poet of the thirteenth century was **Juan Lorenzo Segura**, sometimes called Astorga, that being the name of the place in the northern portion of Spain where he lived. Berceo, the birthplace of Gonzalo, was also in the same territory. Segura de Astorga was an ecclesiastic who flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century. His principal work was a poem of ten thousand lines on Alexander the Great, written in the same verse measure as that used by Berceo. Although the "Alejandro" is not a translation of the Latin poem on the same subject, written about 1180 by **Philippe de Chatillon**, the great similarity between the two works makes it evident that Segura drew much of his inspiration from the Latin source. Segura misrepresents many historical facts, and changes the character of his "Alejandro" into that of a paladin of the Middle Ages; his officers are all counts and dukes, and his young

squires are knighted with mediæval ceremonies. But in spite of many defects and amusing incongruities, Segura manifests much poetic talent, and through his rude, unformed language there glisten many conceits and fancies of rare beauty. He was evidently a man of much greater learning than Berceo.

At the close of the "Alejandro" is a chapter in prose purporting to be the last will of Alexander, after he knew he was to die by poison; also a letter to his mother, in which he bids her not to mourn for him. This is a portion of the letter, which is remarkable, considering the time in which it was written, for its philosophic views of life and death:

"Mother, give ear to my letter, and meditate upon what is therein, and strengthen yourself with good comfort and with good patience, and be not like unto other women in weakness, nor in the fears they have for the things which befall them, even as your son doth not resemble other men in his ways and in many of his deeds; as if, mother, you could find any kingdom in this world fixed in a permanent condition. Do you not see the green and beautiful trees that put forth many and thick leaves, and bear much fruit, and in a short time their branches are broken off, and their leaves and their fruits fall? Mother, do you not see the verdant, blooming grass, which in the morn-

ing is green, and in the evening fadeth away? Mother, do you not see the moon, that when she is fullest and brightest, then cometh the eclipse? Mother, do you not see the stars, how the darkness covers them, and do you not see the flames of their bright and hidden fires, how suddenly they are quenched? Then consider, mother, all the men that live in this age, that the world is peopled with them, that they are wonderfully made in countenance and in intellect, that they are all things, which were begotten and brought forth, and that all are joined with death and corruption."—*Anonymous.*

A specimen of Spanish prose at the middle of the thirteenth century, is a translation of an ancient code of Visigothic laws into the language then used by the common people. This translation, made by order of the king, St. Ferdinand, is known as the "Fuero Juzgo," or "Forum Judicum." It is regarded by some authorities as the first specimen of Spanish prose, many portions of the charter of Avilés, already alluded to, having been written in bad Latin.

In 1252, **Alfonso the Tenth** (1221–'84), son of St. Ferdinand, ascended the throne. He was surnamed the Wise, not so much for the wisdom of his administration as for his great knowledge of the sciences and his patronage of letters. Following the example of his father, he endeavored to raise the

language of his country from its low state. "He was the first," says Quintana, an able Spanish critic, "to pay due honor to his native tongue, by commanding that all public documents, hitherto written in Latin, should in the future be engrossed in Spanish." Not content with this, he composed much prose and verse in the language of the common people, setting at defiance the custom which had made Latin the language of princes.

Alfonso's chief poetical work consists of a series of "Cántigas," or chants, in honor of the Madonna. It is a singular fact that these "Cántigas" are written in the Galician dialect, a branch of the Spanish from which sprang the Portuguese. They are composed in the style of the Provençal Troubadours—a class of poets whom Alfonso patronized and gathered about his court—and possess considerable merit.

But it is for his labors in Spanish prose that Alfonso is entitled to most distinction. He caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian under his direction, thus giving the language a national character. He wrote a history of the wars in the Holy Land, and a general history of Spain to the death of King Ferdinand, a work which will be described among Spanish "Chronicles."

The most important document of this epoch is the "Siete Partidas," or the Seven Parts, so called from the seven divisions of the work. How much of the writing was done by Alfonso himself is uncertain, but it is known that the whole compilation was under his direction. The "Siete Partidas" was the earliest code of the Spanish Cortes, but is not less celebrated for its literary merit than for its legislative wisdom. Its language is graceful and elegant, and presents a marked contrast to the rude style of Berceo, as well as to that of Segura de Astorga, who, although he probably wrote later than 1265, at which date the "Partidas" were finished, appears to have still known only a rude and unformed Castilian. In the "Partidas" are laws touching on all matters of the kingdom, social and public, laws which are in themselves a mirror of the necessities of the time. Reasons are given why kings and their sons should be taught to read, and why kings' daughters should have good governesses. The sufferings which a tyrant ruler may bring on his kingdom are shown, and kings are entreated to guard against indulging in anger or hatred, as these passions are opposed to good customs. "Anger, saith the wise

man, so constraineth the heart of man that he is no longer able to choose the good from the bad. * * * Then the anger of a king is more powerful and more harmful than that of other men, because the king can do the most evil." There are laws regarding the founding and management of public schools; and many aphorisms which show the learned monarch of the thirteenth century to have been a man of much philosophy. That he possessed a thorough acquaintance with the classic writers of Greece and Rome is proved by the frequent quotations from Aristotle and other ancient authors.

Prince Juan Manuel (1282–1347), nephew of Alfonso the Wise, was remarkable both as warrior and author. Except a few years when he acted as regent during the minority of Alfonso the Eleventh, his life was spent in war against the Moors. He occupied the place of commander-in-chief to the army, and was victorious in many important battles.

In spite of his tumultuous life, Prince Juan Manuel found leisure for much literary work. He wrote a collection of poems, which are supposed to be lost, as diligent search has failed to recover them. His prose works show him to have been a man of much learn-

ing and experience, as well as astuteness of thought. "Counsels to his Son Ferdinand," an essay on the moral duties of young princes, "The Book of the Knight and the Esquire," and the "Conde Lucanor," are preserved in an ancient manuscript in the National Library Collection at Madrid. It is not known whether other works he is supposed to have written — he, himself, says he composed twelve—are now in existence.

The "Conde Lucanor," the most celebrated of his writings, is a collection of stories and fables, which are given mostly as conversations between the Count and Patronio, his counsellor. Is the Count in perplexity, he proceeds to his wise adviser, and relates a story of himself or of some other noble lord, or he propounds a question, and begs for counsel. The moral is generally found in Patronio's answer. At one time the Count complained that, having invented many new ways of hunting, men gave him derisive praise, calling the Cid the great general of Spain and Count Lucanor the great hunter. "And as," he says, "this praise appears to me to be intended rather as an insult, counsel me, Patronio, how I shall act that I be not an object of derision for the good I have done."

"'Señor Conde,' replied Patronio, 'if you are so troubled that people praise you in derision for improvements you have made in the manner of hunting, strive now to do some great and noble deed, such as beseemeth a great man. The people shall then perforce praise with sincerity your good work, as they now praise in derision the improvements you have made in hunting.' And the Count found this counsel wise, and followed it, and the advantage to him was great."

At the same time as Juan Manuel lived **Juan Ruiz**, a native of Guadalajara. He is generally known as the Archpriest of Hita. His poems consist of the history of his love-adventures, interspersed with allegories, tales, satires, and devotional passages. Quintana considers the Archpriest to have surpassed all his predecessors in imagination and vivacity, but regrets that his verse was so rude in exterior form as to render it almost insufferable. Many of his poems have an immoral tendency, and he has been likened by some critics to Chaucer, who wrote a little later in the same century, as his work bears a general resemblance to the "Canterbury Tales."

Don Santob of Carrion, a Jew, flourish-

ed during the latter half of the fourteenth century, during the reign of Peter the Cruel. Among the manuscripts in the Madrid Library is a curious poem written to Peter on his accession to the throne, in which Don Santob gives the new ruler much wise counsel. During the Middle Ages the Spanish Jews enjoyed entire liberty; they were permitted to engage in trade, to become famous in the ranks of science and letters, and to hold prominent positions at court. Their increasing prosperity, however, and their ill-concealed contempt for Catholicism, brought them by degrees into popular disfavor. Already at the beginning of the fifteenth century severe laws were enacted against them, which soon led to a violent persecution of that abused race. At the time of Don Santob the Jews were still in favor, and this quaint author appears to have been allowed full liberty to give philosophic advice to princes. Numbers of didactic poems of this period have been attributed to him; among which is "La Danza General," a striking version of that well-known mediæval legend, "The Dance of Death."

Another distinguished author of the fourteenth century was **Pedro Lopez de Ayala** (1332–1407), a cavalier descended from a no-

ble house. He held office under four different kings, and suffered many reverses of fortune. At first serving under Peter the Cruel, he left the standard of that prince to join the revolt led by Enrique de Trastamara, brother of Peter, who afterward became king. It is mainly through the accounts given by Ayala that the atrocities committed by Peter have passed into history.

"The Rimado de Palacio," or Court Rhymes, was the most celebrated of his poems. It was written at different periods of his life, portions being composed during his imprisonment in England after the defeat of Trastamara, in 1367. In this poem Ayala shows how great was the experience and knowledge of the world which he had gained during his long services as Chancellor of Castile. Now satirical, now grave and solemn, he exposes the corruptness of the court, teaches the duty of rulers, and makes many sage observations on the social follies of his age.

Ayala's prose works consist of Chronicles, and translations of ancient Greek and Latin authors into Castilian. His style is forcible, but much less polished than that of Juan Manuel, who wrote in the first half of the

century. The elegance of the court of Alfonso the Wise had passed away. The last years of this king were embittered by the rebellion of his son; and after his death the country, torn by interior agitations and subjected to many reverses, fell into a semi-barbaric state, reducing science and letters to a low condition, from which the efforts of Alfonso the Eleventh and Prince Juan Manuel were unable to raise them. During the reign of Peter the Cruel the retrogression of Spain was still more rapid, and it was not until the close of the fourteenth century that a new light began to dawn and literature to receive fresh life.

Chronicles and Romances.—In this first period of Spanish literature, from earliest time to the fifteenth century, are various poems by unknown authors, some important chronicles, and many ballads and chivalric romances, which give a clearer picture of the popular spirit of the age than the works of those writers already cited. Among the poems may be mentioned the story of Joseph and his brethren, which, from its language, is evidently a work of the latter half of the fourteenth century. It is especially important from the fact that it is written in Arabic characters, although the language is Span-

ish. Many traces of Arabic influence were still visible even in the northern and eastern provinces of Spain from which the Moors had been thoroughly expelled, and this poem is probably the work of some poet of Moorish blood, whose ancestors may have remained behind during the general flight. It is pastoral in feeling, and abounding in Arabic symbols and expressions.

A rhyming chronicle, also supposed to have been written in the fourteenth century, is devoted to the achievements of Count Fernan Gonzalez, an ancient hero, whose record extends from about 934 to his death, which is supposed to have occurred in 970. Count Fernan recovered the province of Castile from the Moors, and did much victorious fighting, which won for him in the northern part of the Peninsula a fame nearly as great as was that of the Cid in Valencia. This poetic version of his history undoubtedly contains much that is fictitious, and can be considered as little more than a heroic romance. There are also a few ancient ballads celebrating the fame of this hero and his noble lady, a daughter of the King of Navarre, who appears to have been not less daring than her husband. One of these ballads relates that Fernan Gonzalez, proceeding to

the court of Navarre to celebrate his marriage with the fair princess, was seized by the way and cast into prison. News of his confinement reached the ears of his bride, awaiting him at her father's court. The following verses of this ballad are from Lockhart's translation, which, although it preserves the spirit, is far from being a literal version of the ancient stanzas:

The lady answered little, but at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcaydé with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that jailer false hath sold.
She took Gonzalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,
She said, "Upon the heath you stand, before you lies your way;
But if I to my father go—alas! what must I do?
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you."

He hath kissed the Infanta, he hath kissed her brow and cheek,
And lovingly together the forest path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

The priest falsely threatens to betray the lovers, but he is overcome by Gonzalez.

They wrapped him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,
And all that day they held their way; his palfrey served their need;
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread,
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And, gazing wide, a troop espied upon the bridge below:
"Gramercy!" quoth Gonzalez, "or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

"Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,
Come forth and see my banner, and cry *Castile!* with me:
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine bright, Infanta, and every blade is thine."

These historical ballads, of which there are many, would in themselves comprise an outline of early Spanish history, had all Chronicles and other records been destroyed. It is impossible to form any idea of their age, as, until 1577, when **Fernando del Castillo** compiled and published the "Cancionero General," none were ever printed,

but had lived in the memory of the people. Depping, a German scholar, made an attempt to arrange them chronologically; but as he had naught to guide him except language and forms of expression, which no doubt changed many times as the same ballad passed from age to age, his arrangement cannot be accepted. That popular ballads were of great antiquity in Spain, as in other countries, is proved by frequent mention of them in the earliest Chronicles. In the "Book of Apollonius," joglaressas, or female ballad-singers, are frequently spoken of; and in the "Siete Partidas" of Alfonso the Tenth, knights are warned that they should listen to the juglares, strolling minstrels, or actors, only when they sing of martial deeds and feats of arms. The thirteenth century was probably the period when these minstrels of the people were most abundant. In consequence of the internal confusion of the fourteenth century they gradually passed away, and the terrible rule of Peter the Cruel was a period of dearth and desolation, ill-suited to the strains of minstrelsy.

The character of these early ballads is thus described by Quintana: "Sung day and night in the public street to a harp or guitar accompaniment, these popular bal-

lads served as food for lovers, as arrows of satire and vengeance, as gay-colored pictures of pastoral life and Moorish adventure. They supplied the common people with histories of the Cid and other national heroes, keeping the memory of those ancient champions fresh in the popular mind. More varied in character than other poetry, they touched upon all subjects; their language was simple and natural, and flowed with ease and freshness, without exertion and without study.

"The Moorish ballads are especially remarkable for vigor and charming freshness. The strange, violent character of the Moor, united with his tenderness and passion in love, the sweet, sonorous names, the picturesque situation, all combined to yield a vast field of poetic material.

"The defects of Spanish ballad poetry sprang from the same fountain as their merits. The very freedom and impulsiveness of their style, in which lies their quaintness and grace, often leads to excess of sentiment, to false imagery, and impossible situations."

BALLADS OF THE CID.

Among the earliest Spanish ballads are those of the Cid. They are very numerous,

over two hundred being included in the most modern collections. It is here that may be found the most complete history of Spain's favorite hero. Neither the ancient epic nor the prose chronicle record so many events of his life. The ballads of the Cid are many of them of a very early date, and were perhaps sung even before his death. Although for centuries they were not written down, and probably suffered much change in passing from mouth to mouth among the people, there is little doubt that they relate much that is true regarding the great Rodrigo de Bivar. His earliest appearance is as the avenger of his father, Diego Laynez, who sits sorrowing at the disgrace fallen upon his house in consequence of a blow given him by Count Lozano, which, on account of age and feebleness, he is unable to avenge. Rodrigo boldly challenges the Count, who is considered one of the bravest noblemen of the kingdom, to single combat. Very popular in Spain, even at the present day, is the ballad containing the challenge, a portion of which runs thus:

Didst thou not know he was my sire? Didst think
Sau Calvo's race
Would suffer taint of insult their scutcheon to deface?

How daredst thou lay thy hand on one who has a son
in me,
Whom therefore only God may smite, and not a man
like thee:
The cloud which thy dishonoring hand laid on that
brow so high
My strength will banish like the sun that rides in
yonder sky:
The noble blood that insult feels is cleansed by blood
alone:
Thy veins, O tyrant Count, must yield the flood that
shall atone.
Thy blood that moved thee to such wrong, when thou
wert mad with wrath!
Lo, there I fling my gauntlet down, I cross the trai-
tor's path!
Think not upon thy feats of arms, that ring through-
out the land;
I come well mounted to the fight, with my good sword
in hand!

The brave Rodrigo meets the Count in mortal combat, and wins the victory. Doña Jimena, daughter of Lozano, implores royal protection, and revenge for the death of her father. The king, loath to offend so noble a warrior as the Cid, whose assistance he could ill dispense with, offers that Rodrigo shall make reparation to the daughter of his fallen enemy by marrying her. "Jimena remained satisfied with the grace which the king had shown her. He whose hand had

made her an orphan should by right be her protector." This was a remarkable solution of the difficulty, but one well suited to those rude ages. The Cid thought well of the king's proposition, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp. These are the words of the Cid to his bride:

And now before the altar the bride and bridegroom stand.
And when to fair Jimena the Cid stretched forth his hand,
He spake in great confusion: "Thy father have I slain
Not treacherously, but face to face, my just revenge to gain
For cruel wrong; a man I slew, a man I give to thee;
In place of thy dead father, a husband find in me."
And all who heard well liked the man, approving what he said;
Thus Rodrigo the Castilian his stately bride did wed.

A full history of the Cid's military adventures, his trouble with the Counts of Carrion and his triumph, is found in these ballads. Some contain spirited descriptions of battle, the Cid, his famous sword Tizona in hand, dashing on Babieca, his faithful steed, through the ranks of the Moors. Others represent tender domestic scenes between the Cid and his wife and daughters. There is a farewell of the Cid to Jimena, a portion

of which is worth quoting as a picture of the duties of noble ladies in those ancient times. The sound advice given therein would not come amiss even in these latter days:

Thou knowest well, señora, he said before he went,
To parting from each other our love doth not consent;
But love and joyance never may stand in duty's way,
And when the king commandeth the noble must obey.
Now let discretion guide thee, thou art of worthy name;
While I am parted from thee, let none in thee find blame.
Employ thy hours full wisely, and tend thy household well,
Be never slothful, woe and death with idleness do dwell.
Lay by thy costly dresses until I come again,
For in the husband's absence let wives in dress be plain;
And look well to thy daughters, nor let them be aware,
Lest they comprehend the danger because they see thy care,
And lose unconscious innocence. At home must they abide,
For the safety of the daughter is at the mother's side.
Be serious with thy servants, with strangers on thy guard,
With friends be kind and friendly, and well thy household ward.

To no one show my letters, thy best friends may not see,
Lest reading them they also may guess of thine to me.
And if good news they bring thee, and woman-like dost seek
The sympathy of others, with thy daughters only speak.

* * * * * * *

Farewell, farewell, Jimena, the trumpet's call I hear!
One last embrace, and then he mounts the steed without a peer.

The ballads of the last days of the Cid at Valencia are noble and touching. The hero, sick unto death, calmly gives directions regarding all that shall be done when he is no more. A battle with the Moors encamped before the city is imminent; and the Cid, knowing the terror his very name, like that of Achilles of old, spreads in the hostile army, directs that his corpse, dressed in full armor, should be bound on the back of the faithful Babieca, his sword Tizona, which none but he could wield, fastened firmly in his hands, and that, thus arrayed, he should be seen by the Moors; and he adds: "Let there be no sound of mourning, nor wearing of black apparel, lest perchance the infidels, knowing of my death, take heart and conquer."

Of his possessions, the Cid leaves a goodly share to his wife and daughters, accompanied by wise financial directions regarding future management; his conquered cities and stronghold are for the king, as he gained them not for his own glory, but in the name of his royal master. "I owe him restitution for nothing," he says, speaking of the king, "and I forgive him the payment of the money I have spent fighting for his cause." Friends and servants are all remembered in his last will. Even his favorite horse is not forgotten. He commands that,

On the death of Babieca, lay him deep within the ground,
That never flesh of such rare worth by bird of prey be found.

The Cid's last thoughts, according to the ballads, were of his swords and his horse. Of his swords, he says: "In whose keeping shall I leave you, that your honor, so easily stained, shall remain unblemished?" Now, all his accounts settled and his breath growing shorter, he called for his faithful friend and companion:

"Bring in my Babieca"—the Cid a dying lay—
"That I may say farewell to him before I pass away."

The good horse, strong and gentle, full quiet did he keep,
His large soft eyes dilating as though he fain would weep.
"I am going, dear companion, thy master rides no more,
Thou well deservest high reward, I leave thee this in store—
Thy master's deeds shall keep thy name until earth's latest day."
And speaking not another word, the good Cid passed away.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

As old probably as those of the Cid are the ballads recounting the adventures of Bernardo del Carpio. This Spanish hero, who, according to the ballads, flourished about 800, is celebrated as having repulsed the armies of Charlemagne at the battle of Roncesvalles, and as having slain with his own hand the famous Orlando, or Roland, nephew of the emperor. Alfonso, the king, had proposed transferring the heirship of his throne to the house of Charlemagne, in consideration of the assistance of that monarch in opposing Moorish progress in Spain. Hence the uprising of the nobles, headed by Bernardo, who desire to preserve the nationality of their kingdom. "The king may surrender his goods to the Franks," said Ber-

nardo, "but he has no power to command his vassals to submit themselves to a monarch of his choosing. Kings themselves hold no dominion over the free-will of men." The enthusiasm for Bernardo was very great among all classes. The old ballad runs thus:

With three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes;
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,
He quits his team for spear and shield, and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook. LOCKHART.

The ballads also tell of Bernardo's efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count of Saldaña, who has been deprived of sight and held in prison for many years by order of the king. Bernardo thus addresses the royal tyrant:

The very walls are wearied there, so long in grief to hold
A man whom first in youth they saw, and now see gray and old.
And if, for errors such as his, the forfeit must be blood,
Enough of his has flowed from me, when for your rights I stood. TICKNOR.

The Count dies in prison, however, and Bernardo in despair, by his influence throws the kingdom into confusion and rebellion.

OTHER HISTORICAL BALLADS.

A few ballads remain of Pelayo, the gallant chieftain who retired into the mountains with the small remnant of Castilians after the Moors had conquered Spain. The sin and repentance of King Rodrigo are also described in many stanzas. At the time of the invasion of the Moors, Rodrigo had insulted the family of one of his noblest warriors, Count Julian, by holding an intrigue with his daughter Florinda, sometimes called La Cava. The Count, in a rage, turned traitor to his country, and betrayed it to the Moorish forces. The following verse is from a rhymed version of the ancient Chronicle of Rodrigo:

Of the noble Gothic sovereigns who wore the crown
of Spain,
Rodrigo was the last that came, and stormy proved
his reign.
He lived and died a hero: for dauntlessness and zeal
No truer caballero did breathe in all Castile,
Though in his time Count Julian brought o'er that
Moorish band
Who overran and wasted the whole Hispanian land,
Save only the Asturias, wherein, as history tells,
Pelayo slew a million of the swarthy infidels.

Anonymous.

There are many ballads recounting the king's final defeat at the battle of Guadalete, and his flight alone to a hermit's cave in the mountains, where he spent bitter hours of repentance, mourning over his sin and his wasted country. The following is an ancient lyric addressed to Rodrigo after the battle:

Oh, turn thine eyes, Rodrigo,
Behold thy ruined Spain!
Her ancient glory vanished,
So long without a stain!
Her heroes bleed in vain!
The conquering Arabs trample
Her fields, her vineyards ample.
Behold, and curse thy reign.
Alas, unhappy land!
Lost for La Cava's lips and hand!

A thousand years of glory,
The noble Gothic name,
So wronged that naught shall ever
Efface the blighting shame.
Oh, King, to thee the blame!
Thy woes are but beginning,
Thou losest by thy sinning
Thy soul, thy crown, thy fame!
Alas, unhappy land!
Lost for La Cava's eyes and hand!

Many tales of blood and revenge are related in these ancient historical ballads. The horrible murder of the Seven Lords of Lara, supposed to have occurred about 986, is given with many exciting variations. The long-continued struggle with the Moors afforded much rich material, and the barbarities of Peter the Cruel in the latter half of the fourteenth century also gave themes to the ballad-singer.

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

There are many ancient romantic ballads and lyrics where the thought is much more tender and poetic than in the ballads of history. The characters of romance, as Count Claros, the Moor Calaynos, and Count Alarcos, with his terrible domestic tragedy, no doubt had some ancient occurrence as a foundation for their history, but they have

come to be regarded as heroes of fiction. They are thoroughly Spanish heroes, and closely identified with early ballad literature. This popular form of ancient Spanish poetry is superior in dignity of expression and in richness of material to the ballads of other nations at the same period, unless it be those of England. The conception is less childish, and the reader must remain impressed with the dignity and strength of character of the early Castilians, of which these popular utterances are a true reflection. The Moorish ballad must be assigned to a little later period than those already referred to, as, although they represent events and situations previous to the fall of Granada, they were probably not composed until after that event, as the earliest collection of ballads published in 1511 contains but a few, while the collection of 1593 includes over two hundred.

GENERAL CHRONICLE OF SPAIN.

The most important record of early Spanish history is the "General Chronicle of Spain," a work compiled during the thirteenth century by Alfonso the Wise. Probably but little of the Chronicle was written by Alfonso himself, but the work was done under

his immediate direction. The Prologue, after giving many reasons why such a work was necessary, states that "therefore we, Don Alfonso, have ordered to be collected as many books as we could have of histories that relate anything of the deeds done aforetime in Spain." This Chronicle of Alfonso treats of the ancient Roman inhabitants of the Peninsula, and of the occupation of Spain by the Visigoths. It gives the history of Rodrigo, the last Gothic king, and the Moorish conquest. The continual fighting of Pelayo and his band of mountaineers is graphically described, and all occurrences carefully set down until the death of St. Ferdinand, the father of Alfonso. The ancient stories of Fernan Gonzalez and other early Spanish heroes are given in picturesque prose, while the whole life of the Cid is related in detail.

The Chronicle of the Cid was printed separately, in 1552, from an ancient manuscript. Whether this manuscript had been copied from the "General Chronicle," with some slight variations, or whether both that and the account given by Alfonso of Spain's greatest champion, were taken from an ancient original, is a matter of doubt. Some authorities hold that the prose history of

the Cid was written soon after his death, in Arabic; but as the character of the work is purely Castilian, this opinion is not generally accepted. Mr. Southey has published an admirable English "Chronicle of the Cid" in prose, for which he has drawn material, not only from the history, but also from the ancient poem and the ballads.

The good example of Alfonso the Wise in preserving the national records was not followed by the next two kings, but Alfonso the Eleventh ordered the history to be continued from the death of St. Ferdinand to his own time. For this purpose he appointed a royal chronicler, thus creating an office which continued to exist until the establishment of the Academy of History at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Ayala and other men of letters occupied this office at different periods, and in this way a full and complete history of Spain has been preserved from the very earliest date to the present time.

SPANISH DRAMA.

Dramas existed in Spain at a very early period, and both Mysteries and farces were given for the amusement of peasant and prince by bands of strolling players. Not

a line remains of these earliest Spanish dramas, and it is probable that they were improvised by the players to suit the occasion and company. That these representations had at a very early date led to abuses, is evident from a clause in the code of Alfonso the Wise, which dates from about 1260. After administering a severe rebuke to the clergy for certain misdemeanors, he says: "Neither ought they to be makers of buffoon plays, that people may come to see them; and if other men make them, clergymen should not come to see them, for such men do many things low and unsuitable." Clergymen, however, are allowed to compose Mysteries and Passion-plays, and to authorize their representation in "large cities, but not in villages, and they shall never gain money thereby."

The Court of John the Second.—John the Second of Castile, whose reign extended from 1407 to 1454, although a patron of elegant literature, proved a bad ruler for Spain. Naturally indolent and effeminate, he left the government in the hands of his favorites, among whom was the ambitious Alvaro de Luna, Constable of Castile, while he resigned himself to pleasures and verse-writing.

Amidst political confusion and disaster literature dawned anew, and the whole of the fifteenth century is marked as the courtly period of Spanish poetry.

Villena.—The first and most important personage who labored, together with the king, to raise literature from its low state was Enrique, Marquis of Villena (1384–1434). This nobleman was descended from the royal houses of Aragon and Castile, and his influence at both courts was very great. His marquisate, one of the oldest in Spain, was situated on the border of Castile and Valencia.

It is necessary here to consider the growth and decay of Provençal literature in Spain, and to note its influence on the Castilian. In the early part of the twelfth century Provençal refinement had been brought across the Pyrenees by the marriage of the heir of the crown of Provence to the Count of Barcelona. Shortly afterward another marriage gave the kingdom of Aragon to Barcelona, and Provençal culture was in this way extended toward the centre of the Peninsula. Catalonia soon became as thoroughly Provençal in its literature as were the countries lying north of the Pyrenees. The princes and kings of Aragon practised the *gay science,*

and collected poets at their courts, who sung the praises of love and courtly manners. During the thirteenth century the persecution of the Albigenses in Provence drove many of the native Troubadours across the mountains to the friendly Spanish court, some even wandering as far as Castile, where they were kindly received by Alfonso the Wise. But this courtly style of poetry, transplanted to a foreign soil, at length began to wither, and the refined Provençal tongue gradually gave way before the rude Catalan dialect, which, before the close of the fourteenth century, had reasserted itself on its native soil. The courtly spirit, however, remained; and a class of poets arose at the court of Ferdinand the Just, who came to the throne of Aragon about 1410, whose chief glory it was to compose poetry of Provençal character in their native dialect. Poetical contests were held, and prizes awarded to the authors of those compositions whose grace and elegance rendered them most worthy. To this court came Enrique de Villena, a near kinsman of Ferdinand, as he was of John the Second. Villena was thoroughly conversant with the gentle literature of Provence, and proved of much service to Ferdinand in organizing and directing his

circle of court-poets. He afterward went to the Court of Castile, where his influence did much toward engrafting the courtly spirit upon the rising Castilian literature. The Marquis of Villena's life was unhappy. He was ill-suited to play a part in the troublous public affairs of his time, but from which, owing to his high estate, it was impossible to escape. The last twenty years of his life he spent in retirement, and devoted himself to his studies. He was a student of philosophy, mathematics, and alchemy, as well as of elegant literature; and his investigations in natural science presented him to the ignorance and superstition of the time in the light of a necromancer. After his death many of his books and manuscripts were burned, as they were supposed to relate to magic; a sad loss to literature, as his writings threw much light on the intellectual development of that period. The few that remain show him to have been a man of thorough literary culture, and conversant not only with the literature of his own country, but also with that of Rome and Greece.

A follower and friend of Villena was a Galician poet, **Macias**, sometimes called "El Enamorado," or "The Lover." He is claimed with pride by both Spaniards and Portu-

guese as their sweetest Troubadour, and his name is often met with in the poetry of succeeding periods. He was killed for the passion he bore for a fair lady, and the "Love of Macias" has passed into a Spanish proverb.

Santillana (1398–1458). — Another celebrated poet of the Court of John the Second was Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana. He was one of the richest nobles of that courtly period, and closely associated with Villena in his efforts to establish a pure and elegant literature. His elegance and learning became so celebrated that, says the old history, people came from the remotest parts of the kingdom to beg the honor of his acquaintance. Like most nobles of his time, he became celebrated in the wars against the Moors. It was after the battle of Olmedo (1445) that he was awarded his title of Marquis, which was the second Marquisate conferred by the royal house of Castile, Villena having been the first.

Santillana was a student of the literature of both Provence and Italy. Villena, while attempting to introduce Provençal poetry into Castile, wrote a curious letter to Santillana on the art of the Troubadours, of which,

unfortunately, only a portion has been preserved. That Santillana became familiar with the Provençal under the guidance of Villena, is evident not only from much of his own poetry, but also from the letter on literature written by him to the Constable of Portugal, in which he gives a complete history of the early literary development of Spain. This letter, like many other of his writings, is somewhat marred by the author's pedantry, and the frequent allusion to classic and mythological heroes; but this, so glaring a fault at present, was no doubt considered meritorious in Santillana's time. His knowledge of Italian poetry is also evident in his writings. In the long poem written by him on the death of his friend Villena, he imitates portions of Dante, and to him must be accorded the honor of writing the Italian form of Sonnet for the first time in Castilian. By his efforts to instil nobility and purity into literature, as well as by the example of his own poetry, Santillana has been rightly named the founder of courtly literature in Spain. He was the author of a large number of lyrics and poems in the Provençal style. One of the sweetest and most graceful of short Spanish songs is his "Serranilla," or little song to a mountain

shepherdess tending her flocks on the hills. These verses to the "Shepherdess of Finojosa" can never be translated into another language without losing their delicacy and sweet grace. All of Santillana's poetry is tender and pure in sentiment, and his versification harmonious and musical. In him the Castilian tongue reveals its poetic richness for the first time. The most popular of his works was a collection of a hundred rhymed proverbs, which were prepared for the young Prince Henry, son of John the Second. Spain is unusually rich in this form of popular wisdom, which the common people use constantly in their daily intercourse, and any such collection was sure to meet with a cordial reception. It possesses little poetical merit, and is of much less interest at present than a long poem somewhat in the form of a drama, called the "Comedieta de Ponza." It was written as a memorial of the disastrous naval battle of Ponza, which took place in 1435, at which the kings of Aragon and Navarre and the Infante Henry of Castile were taken prisoners by the Genoese. The chief speakers in the poem are the wives of these three royal personages.

Juan de Mena (1411–'56).—Among the

brilliant men who flourished at this courtly period, this poet was awarded high distinction for the dignity of his character, and the elegance and culture displayed in his works. He occupied the position of chronicler to John the Second, and stood in close relation to all the literary men at court. A few of his short poems were written in the Provençal style; but his genius was of a sterner character, and more inclined to serious thought. He was daring in expression, and far in advance of his age. After the burning of Villena's library by order of the priests, Mena did not hesitate to express his grief at the loss to Castile, and his most hearty condemnation of the outrage. His principal work is a poem of about three hundred *coplas*, or stanzas, called "El Laberinto," or "The Labyrinth," the most valuable specimen of the poetry of the fifteenth century. In the "Laberinto" the author illustrates the vicissitudes of fortune by presenting an image of the three mystical wheels of Destiny, each peopled within its circle by various distinguished personages, whose portraits are drawn with more or less historical truth. Tender passages, like that on the sad death of young Lorenzo Dávalos, are not wanting, and the whole poem reflects the vigorous

intellect of its author. Its artistic perfection is marred, however, by a lack of unity, and also by the evident fact that Dante's "Divina Commedia," rather than the imagination of the poet, suggested the plan of the work.

Fernan Perez de Guzman.—This distinguished soldier, a nephew both of Santillana and the Chancellor Ayala, was the most brilliant prose-writer at the court of John the Second. Portions of the Chronicle of that period were prepared by him; and he was also the author of a valuable work, "Genealogies and Portraits," a series of truthful sketches of his most illustrious contemporaries, written in a vigorous, lively style. Guzman also wrote a few poems and hymns. After a stormy life, he passed his last days in retirement at Batras, where he died in 1470.

The troubled reign of John the Second ended in 1454, on the death of the king, who, worn out with the affairs of state, regretted, on his death-bed, to Cibdareal, his physician, and also a writer of some merit, "that he had not been of humble birth instead of King of Castile." John left three children—Henry the Fourth, who governed Spain for twenty unhappy years; Alfonso,

who died young; and Isabella, afterward the wife of Ferdinand of Aragon. By this marriage the crowns of Castile and Aragon were united, and the seat of government being centred at Castile, the Castilian tongue gradually came to be used in all those provinces of the eastern coast of Spain, where hitherto little had been spoken except the Catalonian and Valencian dialects. It was during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that Spanish literature assumed a purely Castilian character, and those poets who had for centuries sung their sweet Provençal melodies along the shores of the Mediterranean passed away forever.

In 1476, two years after Isabella had been proclaimed Queen of Spain, a noble knight, **Rodrigo Manrique**, Count of Paredes, died in Ocaña. The Manriques were an ancient family, whose genealogical record ran back into the national legends, where it connected itself with the seven unhappy Lords of Lara. Rodrigo and his brother Gomez were worthy members of this noble race; they were distinguished not only for their valor in war, but also for their learning and courtly manners. They wrote poetry, and were on intimate terms with Santillana and other men of letters of that time. Although of impor-

tance while they lived, they did no great work, and might have been forgotten had it not been for **Jorge Manrique**, son of Rodrigo, whose funeral poem on the death of his father has covered the family name with glory. This poem is known as "The Coplas of Manrique." Its language is finished and beautiful, the thoughts and reflections upon the emptiness of this world and the supreme power of death, move in solemn, grand procession through the five hundred lines which compose this remarkable elegy. It has been rendered into English with much feeling by Mr. Longfellow, from whose translation the following verses are taken:

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
  The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
  In one dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
  And tinkling rill.
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
  Lie calm and still.

* * * * * *

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode

Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.
Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal;
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Jorge Manrique was killed in a fight during an insurrection in 1479, while he was still "in his best years," says an old ballad commemorating the sad event. It is not known, however, how old he was. That he was a sad, contemplative man is evident. Probably the following verses, also a portion of his celebrated "Coplas," which was found in his pocket after his death, are a reflection of his character:

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.
Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

These "Coplas of Manrique" are so celebrated in Spain that they have given rise to several poetic commentaries. They were much admired by Lope de Vega, who said they should be emblazoned in letters of gold.

Some dramatic writing appeared toward the close of the fifteenth century which is supposed to be the work of Rodrigo Cota of Toledo. The first of these dramas, which was probably written about 1472, is in the form of a pastoral dialogue between two shepherds, Mingo Revulgo and Gil Arribato. It is written in popular style, and is intended as a criticism on the disorders and calamities of the turbulent reign of Henry the Fourth. To escape arrest and imprisonment, the author wisely concealed his name, and it was not until some time afterward that the work was attributed, probably with right, to Cota. The "Couplets of Mingo Revulgo" became very popular, and the sarcastic condemna-

tion of the cowardice and weakness of the king produced a great effect among the people. Another dramatic poem by Cota is "A Dialogue between Love and an Old Man." The spirited, sparkling versification of this poem made it a favorite. "My door is fastened," says the old man; "where did you come from? How did you enter? Tell me, robber, how didst leap the walls of my garden? Age and reason had freed me from you. Leave the poor heart, retired in its corner, to contemplate the past." He represents to Love that his garden is desolate, his house in ruins, and reproaches him with being a traitor, and an enemy to human happiness. Love quietly replies: "By thy speech I see that thou dost not know me." The old man is at length won by the sweet promises of Love, only to be ridiculed at last for desiring things unsuited to his age.

"La Celestina," a prose drama, which appeared in Spain about 1480, is also attributed in part to Cota; probably only the first act was written by him, the remainder being the work of a certain Fernando de Rojas. As a preface to the work is a curious acrostic, whose initial letters read: "The bachelor, Fernando de Rojas, finished the comedy of Calisto and Melibea, and was born

in the town of Montalvan." The style and language of the two parts of this curious old drama are so similar that many critics declare the whole must have been the work of one man. The first act, however, appeared much before the remainder of the drama, under the simple title of "La Celestina," by which the whole is generally known in literature. The plot is simple. Calisto and Melibea, both of noble families, are lovers, but their meetings are opposed by the parents of Melibea. An old woman, La Celestina, is employed by Calisto to favor his suit. With conjurations and briberies she corrupts the servants, by whom in the end she is killed for refusing to share her gains with them. Calisto is also killed, and Melibea in desperation commits suicide by throwing herself from a balcony. This short and commonplace story is developed with dramatic power remarkable for the period when it was written. It is marred by many scenes which would shock the morality and good taste of modern readers, and which even at that early day could not have failed to be offensive to those of gentle culture. Its chief merit lies in its strength and in its easy style, a remarkable advance upon any dramatic writing which preceded it. It

abounds in philosophical observations, nearly every line containing a proverb; indeed, the very name of "Celestina" came to have a certain significance, and no work of early Spanish literature was more read or more extensively quoted.

Juan de la Encina (1466–1534) is called the real founder of Spanish drama, as he appears to have been the first who wrote plays, both secular and religious, which were well suited for popular representation at that time. At present the title of dramatic poet would scarcely be conceded to him, as his plays or eclogues, in which saints, hermits, and angels, or shepherds and their lasses, are the *dramatis personæ*, are little more than pleasing poetic dialogues, with little or no dramatic effect. Encina was a man of much culture. He spent many years in Rome, where he became a priest, and also leader of music in the chapel of Leo the Tenth. No writer of the fifteenth century surpassed him in sweetness and purity of language. Besides writing many original poems, he was the author of a translation of Virgil's Bucolics, which he dedicated to the young Prince John, whose early death, in 1497, was an event much mourned in Spain.

At the close of the fifteenth century, while literature itself was in a low state, there being but few living writers worthy of notice, many events had occurred which were of a nature to arouse the national intellect. The New World had been discovered; the Moorish power in Spain had ceased at the fall of Granada in 1492; and what was of still more importance to literature, the art of printing had been introduced into the Peninsula. The first press was erected in 1474, probably at Valencia, although Barcelona and several other cities contend for precedence. The first book printed is said to have been a collection of songs, composed in the Valencian dialect, to the honor of the Virgin. A grammar of the Castilian language, by **Antonio de Lebrija**, was printed in 1492, and classical learning and the sciences were in fashion among the noble classes. The ladies of Isabella's court cultivated letters, and a **Doña Lucia de Medrano** is mentioned as giving lectures on the Latin classics at the University of Salamanca; while another lady, a daughter of Lebrija, filled the chair of rhetoric at Alcalá, the university opened in 1508 by the Cardinal Ximenes.

Amadis de Gaula.—About the close of the fifteenth century this celebrated chival-

ric romance made its appearance in Spanish, its translator being one **Garcia Montalvo.** Amadis de Gaula is a purely imaginary hero, invented to present the character of a perfect knight, who, in spite of many temptations, remains pure and spotless, and who, by his extraordinary valor, overcomes wicked knights, giants, and magicians. The author of the romance was a Portuguese named **Vasco de Lobeira**, of whose life little is known except that he died in 1403. That the Portuguese romance was known and read in Spain long before it appeared in the Castilian tongue is evident from the frequent allusions to it in the writings of Ayala and the courtiers of John the Second. The chivalric romances in imitation of Amadis were innumerable. The immense popularity of the book in Spain led everything in the same style to meet with a cordial reception; and for half a century, new heroes, springing from Amadis, followed each other in rapid succession, each one more invincible than his predecessor. "Any one of the numerous descendants of Amadis de Gaula," said Don Quixote, talking with the curate, "would be sufficient to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men." The original Amadis is superior to all the ro-

mances which followed, and, although written in prose, it contains many passages of great poetic beauty.

Cancionero General.—This collection of Spanish poetry, the first edition of which appeared in 1511, contains, according to its own statement, "many poems of the noted Troubadours of Spain, ancient and modern, of devotion, love, and jest, ballads, songs, devices, mottoes, glosses, questions, and answers." It includes the poems of Santillana and his courtly school, and in the edition of 1573 there are given the names of one hundred and thirty-six authors. The early edition contains but thirty-seven ballads, while the issue of fifty years later is unusually rich in this branch of popular literature.

The publication of the "Cancionero General" gave a new impetus to the passion for ballad writing, and nearly all literary men of the time endeavored to produce ballads of both old and new material, which should feed the popular demand. Many volumes of ballad literature soon made their appearance. One of the most important was issued about the middle of the sixteenth century by Lorenzo de Sepúlveda. The ballads in this collection are founded upon old le-

gends, many being taken direct from the "General Chronicle." It is a proof of the poetic character of early Spanish prose that the rhymed, rhythmical versions of Sepúlveda are very slightly varied from the original wording. Sepúlveda was not a poet of much inspiration, but he was a good writer of the common ballad measure, and his versions became vastly popular.

The Moorish ballads do not appear in Castilian until after the fall of Granada, when Spanish poets loved to sing of the wild romantic character of their fallen enemy. Probably some of these ballads had a previous existence in Arabic. The woful romance of the fall of Alhama is known to have been written by some Moorish poet soon after the storming of that unhappy city in 1482, which, on account of its baths, was a favorite retreat of the Moorish monarchs. The ballad, with its sad burden, *Ay de mi, Alhama*, caused such excitement when heard by the Moors, that its singing was forbidden in Granada after the conquest. It is well known to English readers through Byron's faithful translation.

The flight from Granada of the luckless Boabdil, or Abdallah, the last Moorish king, and many circumstances connected with the

fall, have been graphically described by the ballad-singer; bull-fights are pictured, and many Moorish customs related with a vivacity and richness of Arabic imagery and metaphor which show the Castilian poets to have been close observers of the ways of their Moorish neighbors; so close, indeed, as to bring down reproaches on themselves from pious Spaniards for their zeal in representing the manners of the infidels. Nor are love experiences wanting among the Moorish reminiscences, and the jealous, violent character of the Moor is often represented. Here is a curse pronounced by a Moor, Gazul, on his false Zaida, who had deserted him to marry the rich governor of Seville:

Hast thou indeed forsaken thy faithful-hearted Moor,
Cast off a poor man who is rich for a rich man who is poor?
Most base and false of womankind, dost thou for surety hold
A great and loving soul less worth than silver, lands, and gold?
Dost thou forget the love and faith long given to thee alone,
To wed with Albenzaide, whom thou hast hardly known?
Now Allah grant, as thy untruth so hideous be thy fate,
That he may waken all thy love, thou only win his hate!

That thou mayst strive in vain to rouse one jealous
look or word,
That thou mayst mourn in bitter pain the absence of
thy lord;
That thou shalt weep through sleepless nights, and
have no rest by day;
That he never wear thy colors in tournament or fray,
Nor call thee from thy balcony on him to cast thine
eyes;
The scarf thou hast embroidered for him may he de-
spise
For another sweetheart's colors, in whom he takes
delight,
To whom his Christian captives he leadeth from the
fight;
That thou for his embraces long mourning all in vain,
Mayst see him fall in battle, by Christian foeman
slain!
But if, perchance, thou wed him with loathing and
with hate,
May Allah grant me that he live long years to be thy
mate;
The sorest curse a woman knows fall heavily on
thee—
Vexed by a hated presence, from which thou canst
not flee!

The Moor pronounces this curse while riding across the plain to Xeres, where his false one's marriage is then taking place. He arrives at midnight, and finds the Plaza before the palace ablaze with lights, and the bridegroom riding in triumph surrounded by his

friends. At this sight Gazul forgets his entreaties to Allah, and with genuine Moorish impetuosity pierces his rival through the body with his lance. He then wheels his horse, and, with drawn sword in hand, gallops furiously away.

The ballad-literature of Spain is so extensive that it is difficult to form an idea from a few specimens of its variety and richness. There are long romances and short dainty *Letrillas*, or little poems; many are sentimental, others jocose, while some are exquisite pastorals. The *redondilla*—the easy flowing measure in which nearly all ballads are written—is of great antiquity, and its negligent rhymes, or simple *asonante*, a mere harmony of sound of the final accented vowel, render it peculiarly appropriate to the half-recitative style of these verses of the people. Here is a ballad of a sweet village maiden, whose very trouble shows her innocence and simplicity:

It was beside the fountain the dark-eyed maiden stood,
And she had lost her ear-rings, and was in saddest mood;
Alas, alas! my lover, he gave them me, she cried,
Three months agone, when sadly he parted from my side;

Two pretty padlocks were they, so that I might not hear
If others in his absence spake love-words in my ear;
Now washing at the fountain, I lost them both to-day;
Alas, to me returning, what will my lover say?
He will tell me that all women are changeful and untrue;
That I wanted not the padlocks, but false keys to undo
My heart's door to vain flatterers and fools that came to woo;
He will say that I have parted with the old love for a new;
And that like all other women I am changeful and untrue;
That I was glad he could not—ah, that I know he'll say—
Go with me to mass on Sunday, to town on market-day;
That my simple love was trickery his fond heart to undo;
And that alike all women are changeful and untrue.
My heart wouldst thou win from me, thou traitor, will he chide,
Like a worthless bow of ribbon to wear and cast aside!
But when he thus upbraids me, I know what I will do,
I will tell him that all women are not changeful and untrue;
I will tell him I love better his simple dress of green
Than the rich brocades and laces on lords and ladies seen,

That first and last I love him, and so shall always do,
That he falsely says all women are changeful and untrue;
I will tell him time will right me, and to his heart will show
That only truth I tell him, if he will wait to know:
Love of my eyes, my lover, alas! what should I do
If I like other women were changeful and untrue?

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Although this period in Spain was rendered detestable by the horrors of the Inquisition, literature, upheld by the efforts of **Boscan** and his school, continued steadily to advance in elegance and perfection. It was not the age of thought, for the human mind was held in abject slavery by the priests of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second. The Koran and many books of Arabic learning were publicly burned, and many unfortunate Protestants suffered the same fate. The mighty voice of Luther struck terror to the heart of Spanish Catholicism, and in no country were stronger measures instituted to check the onward march of the Reformation.

The new impulse given to Spanish literature was due to the influence of Italy. Juan de la Encina and **Bartolomé de Torres Naharro**, a dramatist of the same period, pass-

ed much time in Rome and Naples, and their writings, together with the tastes and habits introduced into Spain by many young Castilians, graduates of Italian universities, tended to give an Italian character to literature.

Juan Boscan.—It was this poet, however, who first appeared as the open advocate of the Italian school. Of his life there is little record. That he died previous to 1543 is known from the fact that in that year his widow published an edition of his works at Barcelona, of which city he was a native. Andrea Navagiero, Italian ambassador to the Court of Charles the Fifth, was a friend of Boscan, and suggested to him the introduction of Italian forms of verse into Spanish, a work which Boscan accomplished with such success as to gain for himself the name of founder of the Italian school in Spain. Although a man of extensive culture, his poetry is more celebrated for its correctness and purity than for intrinsic poetic merit. His translations are more to be praised than his original writing. His best and longest work was a Spanish version of the Italian "Courtier" of Castiglione, which Dr. Johnson called "the best book on good-breeding ever written."

Garcilasso de la Vega (1503–'36).—This poet was a friend of Boscan, and an ardent student of the Italian school of poetry. He was the son of a noble cavalier of the same name, who held a high position at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and who served in the war against Granada. During the battle of Velez he once saved the life of the king.

The poet was a native of Toledo, where he received his education. At a suitable age he entered the army, where his father's prestige secured him a cordial reception, and placed him at once in a position where he could display all his youthful bravery. His short life was spent in constant warfare, in the midst of which he often turned aside to write his sweet, graceful poems; as he says of himself:

> Now seizing on the sword, and now the pen.

He died from a wound received during the campaign in Provence. The detachment of which he had command was engaged in storming a small castle, when a stone thrown from the wall by a peasant struck the brave young warrior on the head, from which blow he died soon afterward at Nice.

Subtile delicacy, sweetness, and exquisite

tenderness are the charm of Garcilasso's verses. He wrote but little. Thirty-seven sonnets, three pastorals, and a few short poems are all that remain, and it is due to accident that even these were not lost. After both Garcilasso and Boscan were dead, the widow of the latter found the poems of his friend among her husband's papers. As soon as these poems appeared in print they were received with enthusiasm, and the name of Garcilasso is cherished as a bright star in Spanish literature. Cervantes, in the last book of Don Quixote, describes some young people at an Arcadian *fête* as reciting a pastoral of the "famous poet Garcilasso." The pastoral to which Cervantes evidently alludes is the most beautiful of Garcilasso's poems, and full of melancholy passion and pure, rural simplicity. It was probably written during the poet's visit to Naples, as it opens with an address to the viceroy of that principality, entreating him to listen to the complaints of two shepherds. The complaints follow in the form of two elegies, in the first of which the Shepherd Salicio bewails the faithlessness of his mistress; and in the second Nemoroso mourns the death of his. The poem closes with a poetic description of evening.

Here is a translation of a part of the Lament of Nemoroso, the last elegy of the pastoral:

The sun goes to his rest, and all the land
Grows dark with shadows. His decreasing rays
Leave night behind, and through the sombre haze
Come creeping ghostly forms, an awful band,
Whose presence chills the blood. On every hand
Horrors o'erwhelm us till the sun returns,
And all the waiting earth with morning radiance
burns.

Thou hast departed like the setting sun,
And in the dreadful night
My darkened, feeble sight
Can scarce discern the gleam of coming day,
When thy soul, like the sun, with beauteous ray
Shall bring me new delight,
And dying, I shall meet the day begun.

The nightingale, concealed among the leaves,
With plaintive cries laments her vanished nest,
By cruel hands torn from her sheltering breast,
And for her murdered children sadly grieves:
Unto the stars of heaven doth she complain;
The silent night replies
To her low, mournful cries,
And echo spreads afar the sad refrain.

Bereft as that poor bird, I cry in vain
Against the bitter hand of Death, whose power
Hath crushed and broken down my fairest flower,
And rent the hopes of all my soul in twain;

That ruthless hand was plunged within my breast,
And tore my cherished love from her sweet rest.

The Italian school established by Boscan and Garcilasso found many opponents, foremost among whom was **Christobal de Castillejo**, a writer of the old school, who called the imitators of the Italians "Petrarquistas," and tried in many ways to bring them into ridicule. He wrote a satire in which he represented Boscan and Garcilasso in the other world appearing before a tribunal composed of Juan de Mena, Maurique, and other authors of the previous period. In the face of opposition and satire, the Italian school continued to flourish, and that style of writing became the fashion among the literary men at the Court of Charles the Fifth.

Diego Hurtado de Mendoza (1503–'75) was among those who favored the Italian school. He was a statesman and a scholar, who wrote very correct verses, which would no doubt be remembered with more enthusiasm had not his reputation as a prose-writer been so great as to overshadow his talents as a poet. A native of Granada, Mendoza devoted much time and study to the history of that city. Although thoroughly Spanish in feeling, his culture led

him to do full justice to the Moors, in whose character as well as learning he found much to admire. He prepared a full history of the Moorish rebellion of 1568, to the growth and outbreak of which he was an eye-witness.

Jorge de Montemayor was a Portuguese who wrote nearly all of his works in Castilian. He contributed much to the success of the new school by his pastoral poems in the Italian style. Of his life little is known except that he spent much time in Italy, and died at Turin about 1560. He is celebrated as having been the first to introduce pastoral novels into Spanish, his principal work, "Diana Enamorada," having been the first of that class written in Castilian. The "Diana" represents a number of shepherds and shepherdesses who pass through much Arcadian adventure, which, in turns, they relate to each other, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse. There is much beautiful poetry, simple couplets, and graceful *redondillas*, recounting the woes and pleasures of shepherd-life.

The "Diana Enamorada" led to countless imitations, the best of which is a continuation of the original work by **Gil Polo**, a learned gentleman of Valencia, who lived

about the middle of the sixteenth century. This work, and also the original "Diana" of Montemayor, were favorite reading with Cervantes, who often alludes to them in his works.

Saa de Miranda, Manuel Melo, and several other Portuguese writers of this period, wrote much good poetry in Spanish, mostly of a pastoral character, and in Italian style.

Fernando de Herrera (1534–'97), a native of Seville, was a writer whose lively imagination, elevated thoughts, and extensive culture led him to new fields of poetry. While cultivating what he recognized as good in the past, he invented new measures, indulged in a freedom of imagery hitherto unknown, and gave a majesty to Spanish verse which served as a noble example for future writers. He wrote many sonnets and short poems, elegies in which he shows the tender side of his character, and a few *canciones* which are the strongest of all his poetry. The *cancion*, or ode, to Don John of Austria is a model of Spanish lyric verse, rich in grand images, smooth and melodious. The ode on the battle of Lepanto, a magnificent hymn of victory, is one of the best specimens of Herrera's poetry. Here are two verses:

Thus said those insolent and scornful ones:
Knows not this earth the vengeance of our wrath,
The strength of our illustrious fathers' thrones?
Or did the Roman power avail? or hath
Rebellious Greece, in her triumphant path,
Scattered the seeds of freedom on your land?
Italia! Austria! who shall save you both?
Your God?—Has He then power to withstand
The glory of our might, our conquering right hand?

* * * * * * *

Howl, mighty, impious fleet, for, lo, destroyed
Lie your high hopes. Oppressors of the free!
Lost is your strength—your glory is defied.
Thou tyrant-host, who that shall pity thee?
And thou, O Asia, who didst bow the knee
To false and wicked gods, who shall atone
For thine idolatries? For God doth see
Thine ancient crimes, whose silent prayers have flown
For vengeance unto heaven before His judgment-throne.

Anonymous.

Alonso de Ercilla (1533–'94).—This poet is celebrated as having been the first among Spanish men of letters to visit America, and make poetic use of the fresh material of the New World.

His father held a high position at the Court of Charles the Fifth, and the son became a page of Philip the Second. He accompanied Philip to England on the occasion of the marriage of that Prince to Queen Mary, and it was there that intelligence

reached him of the outbreak of the Indians of Chili against their Spanish conquerors. Ercilla was the first to beg permission to accompany the expedition which soon set sail from Spain. In the wild regions of Chili the poet spent eight years, mostly engaged in warfare against the revolting Indians. The result of his experience is the long historical poem of "La Araucana," where he gives a detailed account of the fierce contest between the Spaniards and the natives. He was accustomed to write down at night the events he had witnessed through the day, sometimes on scraps of paper, sometimes on parchment or leather. In this way he composed a heroic poem of thirty-seven cantos, whose fame has caused the author to be remembered with much pride in Spain.

Although "La Araucana" is more a series of vivid pictures than an epic of artistic structure, it is valuable as a faithful and picturesque account by an eye-witness of the struggle of an ancient tribe to retain its native soil. Ercilla has been severely criticised for representing the Araucanians as more interesting than the Spaniards, and for showing his sympathy for the rebels. But although fighting to uphold his own government, the poet could not but recog-

nize the nobleness of those, however savage, who were contending for possession of the soil which was theirs by right of inheritance, where their fathers had lived and ruled for centuries before the invading Spaniard set foot on the shore. He says:

Sixteen caciques and lords, men of known worth,
The sovereign authority possess;
And never gave barbarian mothers birth
To warriors of like valor and address,
Guardians and bulwarks of their native earth!
Of these in power none greater is, none less.
Firm at each other's side, mighty and brave,
They rule the country their strong arms must save.

The speech of Colocolo, a wise old cacique, is esteemed one of the best passages of the whole poem. Voltaire, to whose praises Ercilla owes much of his present popularity, considers it far superior to Nestor's speech in the first book of the Iliad. At a council called for the purpose of choosing a leader, disputes and quarrels arise, when Colocolo with stern good-sense exhorts them to turn their anger against the enemy instead of wasting it on each other. On the ground that he is old and feeble, he renounces his own claims to the leadership, and closes with a proposal of this rude test of worthiness:

In your strong arms with perfect confidence
I trust, to remedy each transient ill;
But first a sovereign chief, whose eminence
May rule the war with unrestricted will,
Must be selected. Our unbiassed sense
To show—since equal all in valor, skill—
Be't he whose shoulders longest can support
A massive beam.—To strength let us resort.

The poem contains some terribly vivid descriptions of battles, in most of which Ercilla himself was an active participant. There are many beautiful poetic passages. Here is a bit of South American scenery:

I found myself upon a mountain's brow,
Down which two unfrequented pathways led,
Where Ranco's waters a deep channel plough,
Passed by two jutting rocks in narrow bed;
Beneath my feet waved many a leafy bough,
Reared many a stately tree its tufted head;
There, by the stream, I saw a gentle fawn
Tasting the dewy verdure of a lawn.

Anonymous.

Treating of new themes and a new people, around which the poet throws a halo of romance, the enthusiastic reception of "La Araucana" in Spain is not strange. The life of its author, however, was not very happy after his return to his native land. He was fortunate in marrying a noble lady, but the gloomy Philip Second showed him

no favors; and on the death of his wife he retired into a monastery, where he passed the remainder of his days.

The new conquests and discoveries in America aroused much enthusiasm in Spain. Many poets followed the example of Ercilla in making use of the new material. The adventures of the valiant Cortes were described in several long poetic chronicles, and **Juan de Castellanos**, an ecclesiastic, in a poem of nearly ninety thousand lines, wrote a full account of the early discoveries. Beginning with Columbus, he brings his chronicle down to the end of the sixteenth century. One of the best portions of his work is the account of the expedition of Orsua, one of the most dramatic episodes in Spanish history.

Bernardo de Balbuena (1568–1627) was another Spanish poet who crossed the seas to America. Born among the vineyards of the Val de Peñas, he was taken, while still a boy, to Mexico. He afterward became a priest. Much of his life was spent in Spain, but at the time of his death he was resident bishop of Puerto Rico.

As a poet, Balbuena is distinguished for great sweetness and purity, and had not his office of priest led his mind to more serious things, he would have made one of the first

poets of Spain. His "Bernardo," an epic on the history of Bernardo del Carpio, although the work of his youth, "is written," says Quintana, "with such confidence and freedom, that the poet appears to play with the difficulties of his art as his heroes lightly scorn the perils which they encounter." Balbuena's "Age of Gold" is a collection of charming eclogues, wherein the descriptions of pastoral life are as beautiful as those of Garcilasso.

The religious element in literature during the sixteenth century was largely represented. One of the most prominent writers was **Luis Ponce de Leon** (1528–'91), a monk of the order of St. Augustine. He is generally known as Brother Luis de Leon. He was during his whole life connected with the University of Salamanca, where he was educated. Brother Luis was a poet of no common order. He has left a large number of hymns and meditative poems which are remarkable for their purity and elevation. Here are the opening lines of his poem, "To the Starry Heavens:"

When I contemplate heaven, in starry light
Adorned, then gaze on earth enshrined in night,

Sepulchred in oblivion and in dream,
Sorrow and love awake desire supreme
Within my soul to glorify their sleep;
Mine eyes like fountains overflow, I weep.
Throne of all grandeur, temple of delight
And beauty! the deep soul that for thy height
Was born, what dire calamity doth keep
Within this lowly dungeon, dark and deep?
What mental madness from the truth so far
Exiles the sense, that, of thy heavenly star
Oblivious, it is lost to good, to follow
The shadow ever vain, the joy still hollow?

Anonymous.

Although a man of extreme piety, the culture of Brother Luis was such as to lead him to express certain moderate opinions in some of his Scripture commentaries. He was charged with Lutheranism, not only for his moderation, but also for the fact that he had made a popular translation of several books of the Bible — an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the Church. He was imprisoned for five years by the Council of the Inquisition, from whose persecution few men of intellect were fortunate enough to escape.

Luis de Granada, a devout Mystic; **San Juan de la Cruz**, a contemplative religious writer; and **Santa Teresa de Jesus** (1515–'82) were all subjected during their lives to imprisonment and persecution. Santa Te-

resa exercised a great influence over the sacred poetry of Spain. Her ecstatic, passionately religious verses were received almost as direct inspiration from God, whom this nun believed appeared to her and conversed with her in visions. Here are a few lines of her poetry called "Santa Teresa's Book-mark:"

Let nothing disturb,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

LONGFELLOW.

Her prose works are written with correctness and religious elevation, and are still much read in Spain. Her manuscripts were collected after her death, and published by Brother Luis de Leon, who thus exhorted her readers: "Follow her, follow her, for the Holy Spirit speaks from her mouth."

Among other religious writers of this period may be mentioned **Francisco de Aldana**, a man of great simplicity of character and pure religious feeling, several of whose sonnets have been beautifully translated by

Mr. Longfellow; **Pedro Malon de Chaide**, best known by his prose work on the "Conversion of Mary Magdalen," in which he introduces many sweet, simple verses; **Juan de Avila**, who was called the Apostle of Andalusia, and who, although he suffered in the prisons of the Inquisition, was regarded as almost a saint by the people, his eloquent and fervent sermons and his "Spiritual Letters" winning their sincere reverence.

Some other writers, better known in other branches of literature, as **Lope de Vega** and **Calderon**, also appeared as the authors of some deeply religious poetry suited to the prevailing tendency of the age.

The Argensolas.—These brothers, whose influence in Spanish literature was very great toward the close of the fourteenth century, were lyric poets whose chief merit consisted in their facility, and in the elegance and correctness of their style. Quintana, while acknowledging the ease and exquisite grace of their verses, finds them wanting in enthusiasm, fancy, and grandeur of poetic conception. Their love poems, although overflowing with ingenious conceits, are cold and artistic rather than impulsive. The brothers were much alike. Their minds appeared formed in the same

mould. Both possessed great facility for versification; both show much greater talent for didactic writing and satire than for pure poetic thought. **Lupercio Leonardo Argensola** (1564–1613), the eldest of the two, was the author of three tragedies, in imitation of the Greek style. These tragedies are tedious; and although written in fluent and graceful language, it is probably owing to the fact of their complimentary mention in Don Quixote that they have not passed into everlasting oblivion. His poems are chiefly valuable as monuments of elegant versification; and while they are quoted as models in all modern Spanish works on prosody, their substance is not such as to entitle them to lasting fame. **Bartolomé Leonardo Argensola** (1565–1631) wrote verses in the same manner as his brother, his didactic and satirical poems being much better than those of sentiment. Here are two verses from "Mary Magdalen," one of his religious poems:

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change; the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh!
Nor that upon the wintry desert's bosom
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry, dead tree;
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
Forever, toward the skies.

BRYANT.

Bartolomé was the author of a valuable prose work, a history of the Conquest of the Moluccas. However unreliable may be the statements given in this history, it is pleasant reading, and the accounts of the wild adventures of the Portuguese in these almost unknown islands are full of poetry and romance. The language of the work is graceful and poetic, and the vivid pictures of wild life with which it abounds give it more the character of a novel than a record of actual events.

Villegas.—A pupil and follower of the Argensolas was **Estevan de Villegas** (1595–1669), a poet whose presumption and conceit were such as for a time to overshadow his real merits. He boldly announced himself as the rising star in Spanish literature, and attacked Cervantes and Lope de Vega, endeavoring to hold them up to the ridicule of the public. As a poet Villegas met with no success, and was compelled to seek another profession. Nearly all his poems were

written in his youth; "yet," says Ticknor, "there are few volumes in the Spanish language that afford surer proofs of a poetical temperament." He was the first to introduce Anacreontic poetry into Castilian. His light, graceful verses are very beautiful, and the exquisite simplicity of "Love and the Bee," the little bird robbed of its nest, and others of his short poems, are seldom surpassed in Spanish verse. It is much to be regretted that adverse circumstances combined with his unfortunate character to prevent his poetic talent from full development.

Juan de Jauregui, who died at an advanced age, in 1641, is also mentioned among the followers of the Argensolas. He was the author of a Spanish translation of the "Aminta" of Tasso, and of many original poems. He spent much of his life in Rome, and was painter as well as poet. Cervantes mentions a portrait of himself which he says was painted by "the famous Jauregui."

Another painter and poet of the sixteenth century was **Pablo de Céspedes** (1536–1608), whose didactic poems on art and kindred topics show much talent and imaginative power.

Vicente Espinel, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, died about 1630,

is worthy of mention as a friend of Lope de Vega, and as soldier and poet as well. He is celebrated as the inventor of that form of verse known as the *decima*, a favorite measure among modern popular poets, both in Spain and Spanish America. The stanza consists of ten eight-syllabled lines, and is light and graceful. Espinel was also a musician, and is said to have added the fifth and sixth strings to the guitar.

Francisco de Rioja (1600–'58), also a friend of Lope de Vega, although he lived in the seventeenth century, is classed with the old school of poets, as he was a professed follower of Herrera, and modelled his poems on those of the earlier writer. He was a native of Seville, and his most celebrated verses were composed to the Ruins of Italica, a Roman city near Seville, said to have been the birthplace of Trajan. There are many grand thoughts in this poem, and some beautiful imagery. Here are the opening lines, solemn and majestic in movement, as is the whole of this beautiful poem:

Alas, my Fabio, all that thou canst see—
These desolate fields, these piles that strew the ground—
Was long ago Italica, renowned;
Here Scipio's victorious colony

Was planted. Shattered, stone from stone,
Lie the stupendous walls, and towers o'erthrown,
The mournful, silent relics of a host
That deemed itself invincible. The ghost
Of many an ancient hero haunts the place
Now vexed with only sombre memories:
There was the temple—here the public square;
But of that pride and glory scarce a trace!
The lordly halls, the gorgeous palaces,
Naught but light ashes blowing in the air!
Those mighty towers, once braving storm and fate,
Now dreary desolation owns,
Ruined and crushed by the tremendous weight
Of their own stones.

The fame of Rioja is somewhat dimmed by the accusation that a portion of this ode is taken almost literally from a poem written many years previous by a certain Rodrigo Caro; but the other writings of Rioja are, however, sufficient to sustain his reputation as a powerful and original author. His sonnets and odes are full of genius, and his "Epistles" abound in grave, moral reflections.

Luis de Góngora (1561–1627).—This poet, although his life was unsuccessful, was the founder of a new school of Spanish poetry. Devoting himself to literature against the wishes of his father, who intended his son for the law, he met with small pecuniary success, and at length was obliged to turn

priest that he might not starve. Late in life he obtained the appointment of titular chaplain to the king and the patronage of several noblemen; but his feeble health prevented his enjoyment of the long-sought fortune. He was soon compelled to retire from court and to return to his native city, Córdova, where he died.

The simple sweetness of Garcilasso and others of the earlier poets had already faded from Spanish poetry, and the influence of Herrera had led to a style which, although elegant and classic, had the fault of being pompous, cold, and loaded with unnatural expression. The earlier poems of Góngora bore no traces of this latter influence. Short, pithy epigrams, sweet verses to spring, and the most simple, short-lined romances, show that by nature this poet was genuine and true in feeling. His earlier odes, too, are stately and noble. That on the Armada of Philip the Second is one of the strongest pieces of Spanish poetry of that time, and especially interesting as showing the popular confidence in the strength of that celebrated fleet. But no sooner had Góngora passed the period of youth than he gave his whole energies to the perfection of the so-called "cultivated style," which was then

rapidly gaining favor in Spain, and whose adherents soon acknowledged this rising poet as their leader. "Góngorism" soon came to be the leading fashion among Spanish writers, and however much men of a purer taste, like Lope de Vega and Quevedo, entered their protest against it, even they yielded in a manner to the general tendency. It is incomprehensible how a man of Góngora's poetic temperament could lose himself in a cloud of wild, extravagant metaphors, absurd, confused, and so heaped together as to conceal whatever ideas the poet may have intended to express. While his earlier poems are untranslatable for their very simplicity and sweetness, his later works are so obscure that no ideas can be sifted out to present in another form. Even Spanish critics fail to discover the meaning of his metaphorical, overloaded verses. He invented new words, and introduced many Latin and Greek idioms into Spanish, striving in every way to render his style attractive from its very strangeness. His writings were so difficult to understand that commentaries were necessary to explain them, some being prepared at the express request of the poet himself. It was in reference to these commentaries that the

Prince of Esquilache, a fierce opponent of Góngora, once wrote, "A learned commentator is an author's worst enemy." The most unintelligible of Góngora's works are his long poems, among which are his "Solitudes," "Pyramus and Thisbe," and "The Fable of Polyphemus," the latter being most absurd, and the poorest in taste of all.

That such a false style in literature became the fashion in Spain after so many years of culture and good writing seems almost incredible; but it was no doubt owing to the fact that thought and free intellectual development had been for so long a time cramped and almost deprived of life by the heavy hand of the Church, which forbade discussion, and encouraged in the people an outward and frivolous culture. Forbidden to seek healthy food, the intellect of the country endeavored to satisfy itself with pedantry and extravagant exhibitions of exaggerated expression.

Although a few of the more independent minds endeavored to counteract the spread of "Góngorism," the new school gained in favor, and had many followers. Indeed, its influence can scarcely be said to have entirely disappeared from Spanish literature even in modern times.

CERVANTES.

Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra (1547–1616).—"A certain strong man of former times fought stoutly at Lepanto; worked stoutly as Algerine slave; stoutly delivered himself from such working; with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude, and sitting in jail, with the one arm left him, wrote our joyfullest, and all but our deepest, modern book, and named it 'Don Quixote:' this was a genuine strong man." Thus writes Carlyle of the greatest Spanish prose-writer and satirist of the sixteenth century, or, indeed, of any period in Spanish literature. Cervantes was born at Alcalá de Henares, a small city near Madrid. His father, although a descendant of ancient Spanish nobility, was poor, and unable to bestow upon his son any larger advantage than opportunity for a medium education. But Cervantes possessed the natural gift of a mighty and vigorous intellect. His intense hunger for knowledge led him to read everything that came in his way; even when a boy, he would stop to pick up torn bits of paper in the public street, hoping they might contain some bit of new information. His immense

reading and his wonderful memory are revealed on every page of "Don Quixote," where may be found endless allusions, not only to all previous Spanish literature, but also to the writers of France and Italy, and the ancient authors.

In 1570 Cervantes went to Rome, where he became chamberlain to Cardinal Acquaviva, a position he soon abandoned to enter the army. He took part in the naval battle of Lepanto, where he lost his left hand. That Cervantes was proud of his share in this great fight is manifest from the frequent allusion to it in his works. In a preface to the second part of "Don Quixote" he says: "I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it." After serving his country for five years, he was honorably discharged, and embarked for Spain provided with letters of recommendation to the king from Don John of Aragon and others. But new trials were before him. The fleet was attacked by three Moorish corsairs, and Cervantes was captured and carried to Algiers. Here he passed five years in slavery, suffering many punishments for his repeated attempts to incite insurrection among the Christian

slaves. His daring spirit made him a terror to his masters, and the Dey declared he should consider his capital, his slaves, and his galleys safe, could be but keep "that lame Spaniard" quiet. At length Cervantes was ransomed by the exertions of his mother and sisters, and once more returned to his native country. Finding himself poor and unfriended, he again entered the army, and spent some years in Portugal. He afterward married, and endeavored to procure a private position, and to gain recognition for his dramas and other writings. But this great man during his lifetime failed to attract much public attention. Disappointment and misfortune followed each other in rapid succession; he was several times imprisoned on some trivial charge, and only on rare occasions did he receive some slight favor from court or the patronage of some nobleman. His life was made up of troubles and suffering, but his wonderful spirits never failed him. His greatest work, "Don Quixote," was begun in prison, and his extraordinary vitality and vivacity lasted to the very end of his long life. Only a few days before his death, knowing his last hour was near, he thus concluded the preface to his romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda:"

"And so farewell to jesting, farewell my merry humors, farewell my gay friends; for I feel that I am dying, and have no desire but soon to see you happy in the other life." He was buried in a convent, which was afterward removed, and all trace of the last resting-place of this great man is forever lost.

The first literary work of Cervantes was the pastoral romance of "Galatea," which he published in 1584. It is written somewhat in the style of the "Diana Enamorada," so much admired by Cervantes, and is said to have been inspired by the author's love for the lady who became his wife, her character having served as a model for Galatea, the heroine of the pastoral. This work met with a cold reception. Its greatest fault was its length, which made even the rich invention, the pure pictures of pastoral life, and the flowing eloquence with which it abounds to grow wearisome. The principal action is too much interrupted with side episodes, which, however beautiful in themselves, disturb the artistic progress of the romance. The work is interspersed with a large number of poems, many of them, no doubt, written at a much earlier date, as not a few are weak and im-

mature; and Cervantes himself states that from his boyhood he had found his favorite recreation in verse-writing. Although the "Galatea" deserved much more praise than it received at first, it was impossible for the great intellect of its author to show its strength in the inditing of gentle pastorals.

After publishing the "Galatea," Cervantes undertook to write for the stage. Spanish drama at this time was in a rude state, from which Cervantes made honest efforts to raise it. His sharp intellect and power as a satirist is first manifest in his plays. He drew much material from his own experience. His "Life in Algiers," the first of his plays, was intended to depict the sufferings of the Christian slaves among the Moors. Its merit is found in its vividly pictured incidents more than in the main plot, which is a wild, fantastic love-story, overdrawn and of little interest. Another of the early plays which has been preserved —many, never having been printed, were lost—is the tragedy of "Numancia." This play is written in unequal measures, much of it being in the favorite *redondilla*. Many characters are introduced, some of which, as Spain, War, Sickness, Famine, and the River Duero are allegorical. Although the versi-

fication of this drama is not always harmonious, all inequalities are overlooked and forgotten in its richness of original thought, and its powerful imagery. The action of the play opens with the arrival of Scipio before Numantia, which noble little city has resisted the Roman arms for fourteen years. He reproaches his army for being so long in overcoming a city guarded by less than four thousand men. Spain appears, but can give no hope to the unhappy city, except that its fate shall be avenged. The remainder of the play recounts the final siege and horrible suffering of famine endured by the Numantians, who resist until only one man remains, a youth, who, as he flings the keys of the gates to the Roman general, springs from the tower and falls dead at the feet of the conquering army. Had the "Numantia" been written at a time when dramatic representation was more perfected it would have brought its author much fame; but as it was, it remained for the critics of succeeding centuries to discover its merits and award it due praise. Besides these early dramas, of which with few exceptions only the titles survive, Cervantes in his more mature years wrote a number of plays and short farces. He bears

the credit of having been the first to write Spanish plays in three *jornadas*, or acts.

Although his dramas are full of sparkling situations, they were written under the pressure of poverty, to obtain money for daily necessities, and are in nowise a true reflex of his remarkable genius. It is in his novels and stories that his full power must be sought.

He was the author of many short tales, some of which are introduced as episodes in "Don Quixote." His collection of "Novelas Exemplares" contains some stories of actual experience; others based upon the manners and customs of Spain at that time, which the author presents with all the power of his vivid and rich imagination. "The Little Gypsy Girl," one of this series, is a charming account of the adventures of Preciosa, a sweet child of noble blood, who had been stolen and reared by Gypsies. The pictures of the wild habits of this strange people, then so numerous in Spain, are sketched with a master-hand. "The Spanish-English Girl," "The Jealous Estremadurian," and others of these remarkable tales, are sufficient to have covered their author with everlasting fame, had their splendor not been eclipsed by "Don Quix-

ote," that rare work, which is numbered among the few great books of the world.

Although critics have invented various motives for the writing of "Don Quixote," Cervantes himself, in the prologue to the first part, states the simple fact thus: "I have no further desire than to show to men the folly and absurdity of those stories contained in books of chivalry." These books, the offsprings of "Amadis de Gaula," were at that time working great mischief in Spain. Learned men wasted their intellect in writing them, and a still greater evil lay in the fact that many youths, taking them for true histories, wasted their lives dreaming of heroic conquest over impossible enemies, while they neglected the real wrongs by which they were surrounded. That "Don Quixote" fulfilled its appointed mission is evident from this fact alone, that after its appearance no more books of chivalry were written. The first part of "Don Quixote" was published in 1605; the second part ten years later, or a short time before the death of its illustrious author. Meanwhile a spurious second part had been written by an Aragonese, one Alonso de Avellaneda, who was no doubt offended by some cutting satire of Cervantes, and sought in this way to

avenge his supposed wrongs. Cervantes was evidently near the conclusion of his famous work when the production of Avellaneda reached him. In the fifty-ninth chapter is found the first mention of "that new historian," and from here to the end of the work Cervantes does not fail to lash him with most bitter satire.

No analysis of "Don Quixote" is necessary; for the adventures of its gaunt hero, clad in rusty armor, mounted on the ancient Rosinante, and accompanied by his faithful squire, Sancho Panza, have been translated into all languages, and are eagerly read alike in palace and cottage. The valiant knight of La Mancha charging windmills and peaceful flocks of sheep, rescuing fair maidens from imaginary giants, or meditating in his study surrounded by creatures of his own fancy, has been pictured by many a skilful pencil, and has become a real and living personage, immortal forever. "The Spaniards have but one good book," says Montesquieu, "that one which has made all the others ridiculous." Certainly no Spanish author of Cervantes' time is worthy to be placed at his side. He deserves immortal honors, not only for his masterly writings, but for his brave, honest, and generous char-

acter, which he preserved unsullied in an age of corruption and false sentiment.

Francisco Gomez de Quevedo (1580–1645) was the greatest of that sect of writers called the "Conceptistas," or men whose wit and sharp satire made them both feared and admired. He is better known for his satirical works than for his more serious writings. But Quevedo was not merely the "father of laughter," as he is often called; no one surpassed him in jocoseness, no one was keener than he to expose the follies, both social and political, of his time, but few were more serious, more austere when dealing with noble subjects. His style is terse, unconstrained, brilliant. In his satires he delighted in metaphors and equivocations, and sometimes descended to vulgarity. His thought was impetuous, and he often rushed headlong through a maze of disconnected sentences, among which the reader wanders in hopeless confusion.

This strange man was a native of Madrid, where his father held an office at the Court of Philip the Second. He was educated at the University of Alcalá, and, if the accounts of his life may be credited, graduated as doctor of theology when only fifteen. He is also said to have been a mas-

ter of the ancient languages, and well versed in both law and medicine. He lived in high society at Madrid, but his sharp writings brought him into constant disgrace both socially and at court. In consequence of a duel with a person of rank, he was compelled to fly to Sicily. But even in exile his brilliant talents gave him position. He became minister of finance at Naples, and after a long absence returned to Spain loaded with honors. In his native land misfortune pursued him. Some satirical verses against the king were attributed to him—falsely, as it was proved too late—and the unfortunate author was cast into prison. There he remained several years, suffering all the horrors of inhuman confinement. His health wasted away, and, broken down and weary, he piteously writes to his persecutors: "No clemency can add many years to my life; no rigor can take many away." At length, after four years, the real author of the offending verses was discovered, and Quevedo was released, but he did not long survive to enjoy the tardy justice accorded to him.

As a poet Quevedo too often reveals the prevailing faults of his generation. Although a fierce opponent of the *estilo culto*, or Góngorism, his own style is often over-

loaded with metaphorical expression. In a few of his odes he is pompous and majestic, but it is in his short jocose poems and epigrams that he displays the sparkling quality of his genius. Here is a *redondilla*, in which an old legend is dressed in an entirely new costume:

To Pluto's dark and grim domain
Young Orpheus undaunted went,
Upon the wildest errand bent—
To win his lost wife back again!

The demons silent stood and gazed,
While the rich strains rose clear and strong;
Less by the sweetness of his song
Than by his strange request amazed.

Stern Pluto eyed with grim disdain
The invader of his realm of gloom;
And then pronounced this dreadful doom:
"There, take her—be a slave again!"

But, charmed by his melodious lay,
The gloomy god relented soon,
And granted him this gracious boon—
That he should lose her on the way.

Quevedo's ballads and romances in old style are of a high rank. They are mostly jocose, roguish, and sparkling, and although marred occasionally by obscure expression, they must always remain popular. His Gyp-

sy ballads, written in dialect, are still heard among the Spanish peasants, who sing them to a monotonous guitar accompaniment in a measure and time peculiar to the common people of Spain.

Among the best of Quevedo's poems—if they may be called his—are those contained in a small volume which he published under the title of "Poems by the Bachiller de la Torre," declaring that he had accidentally discovered the manuscript copy, with a favorable notice by Ercilla written on the first page. No volume ever excited more literary controversy. The poems it contained were grave, and of a pure, simple style, unlike the writings of Quevedo; and while some critics declare them to be his own work, others maintain that such a poet as the "Bachiller" really existed, Quevedo only acting as editor. Eminent literary authorities, as Quintana and Velazquez, disagree, and indulge in much hot discussion over this question, which is likely to remain forever undecided.

The poems of Quevedo fill three considerable volumes, but it is by his numerous prose works that he is most remembered. Some are of a very grave order—treatises on holy subjects, lives of saints, and translations

from Plutarch and other ancient writers. These are less distinguished than his prose satires. In these last all the brilliancy, the keen penetration, and the bitterness of this versatile man find room for full expansion. The titles of his satires are as remarkable as their contents. Many are in the form of visions, among which is his celebrated "Dream of Skulls," a picture of the Last Judgment, where he sees soldiers, misers, epicures, lawyers, all classes of men rising from their graves in wild confusion. It was not at first understood by this motley crowd that the last trump had sounded. The soldiers had sprang up thinking it the signal for battle; the misers feared a general pillage; all was anxiety and alarm, which increased a thousand-fold when the real significance of the summons became apparent. Each strove to shield himself behind the mistakes of his neighbor, and a poor notary rushed wildly about, declaring that some rascal had stolen his soul, leaving a vile counterfeit in its place. Other visions are called "The World Inside Out," "Pluto's Pigsties," "A Visit to Death"—strange titles, which recall the works of Jean Paul, the German dreamer.

Quevedo's tales are bold and original.

They are satires of the most brilliant character, and belong to the class of *novelas picarescas*, or romances of roguery. Hurtado de Mendoza was the first to represent this phase of Spanish society in his novel of "Lazarillo de Tormes." The long-continued wars in which Spain had been recklessly plunged had produced two classes, both equally despicable in the eyes of all honest men. There were those members of good families who, unable to obtain positions in the army, and considering it beneath their dignity to enter business, had become mere figure-heads at court, where they led a miserable existence, striving by means of all kinds of intrigue to escape starvation. The other class was found in the lower orders of society. They were unscrupulous, ambitious men, who devoted all the energy of their small souls to wholesale public plunder, and who, by cunning and flattery, contrived to seize hold of much of the treasure then pouring into Spain from the recently discovered fields of the New World. The *novelas picarescas* were founded on the exploits of one or the other of these classes. The novels of Mendoza, Mateo Aleman, and Vicente Espinel were already celebrated. The "Adventures of the Squire Marcus of

Obregon," by Espinel, was the most daring of all. Le Sage is charged by Voltaire as having used it as the model for his "Gil Blas," a charge well substantiated by the great resemblance of the two works.

Quevedo's novels of this class possess a more lasting fame than any other of his works. The longest of them, "The Life of a Great Rascal," is the old story of the success of knavery and cunning. Tragically pathetic is the portrait in this novel of the poor school-master of Segovia, at the bottom of whose soup was "one orphan pea and a struggling adventurer of a turnip," and whose leanness was such that it appeared he had forgotten to have himself buried. Many other tales exist, all of the same character, crowded full of epigrams and proverbs. Although Quevedo had not so noble a perception of the ludicrous as Cervantes, he was sharp enough to penetrate the depth of social folly which surrounded him, and he will always be placed among the greatest of Spanish satirists.

Short stories were very popular in Spain during the latter part of the sixteenth century, and through the seventeenth. The spirit of French fiction had not yet begun

to influence Spanish authors, who drew their material directly from the social life around them. The romantic Moorish element was gradually disappearing, and few novels on Moorish topics appear among the great amount of fiction which flooded Spain during this period. Every author of note published a volume of tales; and hundreds of others more obscure, among them numbers of women, wrote stories representing every possible phase of love and adventure.

It was during the sixteenth century that historical writing, which had hitherto been in the hands of the royal chronicler, became general in Spain. The first of the long line of Spanish historians was **Gerónimo Zurita** (1512–'80), whose "Annals of Aragon" is a work of deep research, and free from the superstitious credulity of many royal chronicles. **Ambrosio de Morales** (1513–'91) also made valuable contributions to the national historical records.

Mariana.—The greatest historian of this period was Juan de Mariana (1536–1623). He was a foundling, but his brilliant talents soon brought him to the notice of the Jesuits, whose power was then rapidly increasing in Spain. He was placed at the University of Alcalá, where he soon gained

not only much learning, but a powerful influence in the society of which he had become a member. He visited Rome and Paris, intrusted with important missions to the Jesuit colleges in those cities, where he delivered lectures to crowded audiences. The last fifty years of his life he spent in the house of his order at Toledo, where he devoted himself to literary labors. His greatest work was a general history of Spain, which he first wrote in Latin, translating it afterward into Spanish. His history covers the whole ground, from the mythical settlement of the country by Tubal, the son of Japhet, to the accession of Charles the Fifth. Much fault has been found with Mariana for his credulous acceptance of old legends, and for the lack of philosophical investigation concerning the growth and decay of different national conditions; but none fail to admire his picturesque descriptions, nor the easy, flowing grace and the richness of his style.

Antonio de Herrera (1549–1625) wrote histories of different epochs in Spain, but he is best known by his work on the West Indies, from the date of their discovery until 1554. The history of these Spanish colonies had been written by **Gonzalo de Oviedo**

(1478–1557), who spent the most of his life in San Domingo, and by the venerated **Bartolomé de las Casas** (1474–1566), that noble friend and defender of the unhappy Indians against the brutality of their Spanish conquerors. Herrera's work is more perfect than either of these, as he held the position of official historian of the Indies, which gave him access to every possible source of reliable information.

The same position was afterward held by **Antonio de Solis** (1610–'86), who wrote a "Conquest of Mexico" remarkable for its artistic qualities. This work reads more like an epic poem than a simple prose chronicle. But Solis was a dramatist, and lyric poet as well; a man of vivid imagination and gentle culture; and facts of history, while he did not depart from the truth, became idealized in his hands.

Nicolas Antonio (1617–'84) was also an able prose writer of this period. His greatest work was a history of Spanish literature, the "Bibliotheca Hispana," upon which he labored almost to the day of his death. His immense industry in searching libraries and old records enabled him to collect a vast amount of valuable material referring to the early intellectual development of Spain.

Antonio is celebrated as having taken a prominent part in the controversy respecting the two great literary frauds of the seventeenth century. Some metallic plates discovered near Granada about 1590 were supposed at first to be ancient scriptural records. The king and his literary advisers declared them genuine, but they were soon discovered to be of recent date, and valueless, being no more than an artful forgery contrived by certain ecclesiastics to establish some arbitrary doctrines of the Spanish Church by the production of apparently ancient authority. After the "Leaden Books," as the plates were called, had failed, another attempt was made in the same direction by the pretended discovery of fragments of a manuscript chronicle; but this also, after much controversy, was condemned as spurious. The "Historias Fabulosas" of Antonio at last put an end to the whole imposture, as his exposure of the fraud was as impartial as it was learned.

DRAMATISTS.

The rapid growth of the drama in Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is almost unparalleled. Hitherto the theatre had been in the hands of the Church,

which favored only religious dramas and mysteries. A few pastorals had appeared, and some plays of intrigue in the style of La Celestina, but they were not well adapted for dramatic representation. Suddenly, however, the Spanish stage assumed an importance which was recognized throughout Europe; and the fact that both English and French dramatists are largely indebted to it for plots and situations, establishes its claim to originality and brilliancy.

Preceding the two great writers of Spanish drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon, were some of less renown, who deserve mention as having opened the way for their famous successors. The first man who was successful in popular drama was **Lope de Rueda**, who was born early in the sixteenth century, and lived until 1565. Rueda was a goldbeater by trade, but he quitted his profession to become an actor as well as dramatic author. He was manager of a company of strolling players, who gave representations of his comedies in Córdova, Seville, and other cities. Both Cervantes and Lope de Vega call him the founder of popular drama. The primitive condition of the Spanish stage in Rueda's time is graphically described by Cervantes in one of his prologues. He

writes: "In the time of this celebrated Spaniard the whole properties of a manager were contained in a large sack. They consisted of four white shepherd's jackets, turned up with leather, gilt and stamped; four beards and false sets of hanging locks, and four shepherd's crooks, more or less. The plays were conversations, like eclogues, between some shepherds and a shepherdess, with interludes, whose personages were sometimes a negress, sometimes a bully, a fool, or a Biscayan; for all these parts, and many others, Lope himself performed with the greatest excellence that can be imagined. * * * The theatre—set up in some public square—was composed of four benches arranged in a square, with five or six boards laid across them. The remainder of the furniture consisted of an old blanket drawn aside by two cords, which formed a sort of tiring-room, behind which were the musicians, who sang old ballads, often with not even a guitar accompaniment."

From this rude stage the popular drama spread its influence through all Spain. Many followers of Rueda wrote plays in the same style, which were eagerly accepted by the populace. **Juan de Timoneda**, a bookseller of Valencia, who was a friend of Rueda,

and editor of his published works, was also the author of a number of plays suitable for representation in the rude street-theatres.

Juan de la Cueva (1550–1608) raised the popular drama to a better condition; and being a man of learning and talent, and a student of ancient literature, he wrote with correctness and elegance. He chose his subjects from old Spanish legends, Moorish romances, and ancient history, as well as from the popular social elements of his own time. Although his plays contain much that is false, and have long since ceased to be considered of importance, they served as one of the steps upward, which were rapidly leading to the classic era of Spanish drama.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio (1562–1635) was the first of those great masters of the dramatic art in Spain. Cervantes called him "a prodigy of nature," and admired his works so much that his own dramatic attempts seemed worthless to him.

Lope de Vega was a native of Madrid, where he received his early education. He was a poet before he learned to write, and often gave half of his breakfast to some older schoolmate, who in return would take

down the verses which young Lope would dictate faster than his companion could follow. His life was one of varied experience. At the age of fifteen he was serving as a soldier against the Portuguese. He married while very young, but his wife soon died. He then joined the famous Armada against England. From this disastrous expedition Lope returned safely to Spain. He then entered the private service of the Count of Lemos, that liberal nobleman who acted as patron to Cervantes and some other struggling authors. He soon married a second time. Already celebrated as a dramatist, and rapidly becoming a popular favorite, the prospects of Lope were very bright; but he was doomed to yet more changes. His second wife lived but a few years. These repeated blows to his domestic hopes turned his thoughts to religious subjects, and finally, in 1609, he was ordained as a priest. This change did not denote, however, that his whole time was to be given to pious work. Finding more leisure than ever for literary labors, he continued his dramatic writing; and as the plays produced during this latter period of his life contain much that, viewed by the standard of modern good taste, is highly immoral, it cannot

be supposed that the mind of Lope the priest was radically different from that of Lope the soldier and man of the world. His dramas brought him large sums of money; but he apparently spent it with yet more ease than he accumulated it, for he was often involved in debt, and complains in many of his letters of the misery of a scanty purse. Writing to his son in 1620, he urges him to pursue his studies and beware of poetry, as it has brought to him only a poor house, a scanty table and lodging, and a little garden, where among the flowers he at least can forget his troubles and receive inspiration. "Besides this," he adds, "although I have already written nine hundred comedies, twelve books in prose and verse, and many pieces on different subjects, I have gained only enemies, censors, envy, reproach, criticism, and many mortifications; I have lost much precious time, and have naught to leave you but these useless counsels."

It would seem from this melancholy view of his affairs that Lope, like many other brilliant men of society, was inclined in his serious moods to see life in a shadow. His biographers picture him as an affable, kindly man, fond of society, and a popular favorite. Few Spanish authors have been so

petted during their lives and so mourned at their death. In his old age Lope fell into a state of religious hypochondria, and died bewailing the uselessness of his life. It apparently was nothing to him that he had been the idol of his country—the "Spanish Phœnix;" and that all classes, the sombre Philip the Second, gloomy and evil inquisitors, courtier and peasant, had one and all been intoxicated and charmed with his sunny, versatile genius. Lope was not true to his better nature, and it was natural that as his mind weakened with years his judgment should grow distorted, and his soul upbraid itself with false living. Nature endowed him with great gentleness of spirit and rare poetic gifts, while he suffered himself to be led by the impulse that governed his time into acts false to his whole character. He sat in the council of the Inquisition, and was actually present as presiding officer at the burning of a poor priest, who, being of Hebrew descent, had been hated by the Church, and finally declared a heretic. Whatever may have been the nature of Lope's great remorse, the Church declared it to be regret that so much of his strength had been wasted on worldly things. In the sermons preached at his funeral he was

praised as a saint, and his poetry was placed far above that of ancient classic authors. Seldom was a funeral conducted with such splendor. The ceremonies lasted nine days, and not only Madrid, but all Spain mourned for the venerated idol of the people.

Lope de Vega was a man of extraordinary fertility. He wrote no less than eighteen hundred three-act plays, four hundred short stage-pieces, five epic poems, pastorals, prose novels, a large number of romances in verse, sonnets, and spiritual poems. His plays do not contain passages teeming with wisdom or philosophy, neither should pathos or grandeur be sought therein; but they are often of wonderfully sweet and graceful versification, brilliant, gay, and full of startling situations and incidents. His mind was quick and firm. He sketched his plot with astonishing rapidity; and instantaneously, as it were, all minor details and adornments presented themselves to his imagination. It was no uncommon thing for a manager to come to him requesting a new piece for the next day. Lope never failed to promise it, and it was always ready. He would take a short promenade in his little garden, then settle himself to work, dictating to his scribe faster than could be written down, and nev-

er pause until the task was finished. Considering that these plays were in graceful, unfaltering verse, the power of this extraordinary man appears unparalleled.

His characters disclose themselves by immediate action. The spectator is never wearied by long narrations of previous events which have led to the present position of affairs, but already in the opening scene the plot begins to develop, and by a quick succession of lively situations each character is explained. The personages and incidents of Lope's dramas, which in his hands were both national and original, have been reproduced in many forms by dramatists of other countries. Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, Corneille, Molière, and others, do not scruple to borrow whole scenes which they present as their own; "Indeed," says an English critic, "take from English and French play-writers all they have directly and indirectly borrowed from Lope de Vega and other Spanish sources, and they would be left beggared of situation and incident."

A fault of Lope's dramas is their lack of artistic completeness, a natural consequence of the great haste in which he wrote. The scenes, sparkling in themselves, fail to lead to a perfect *dénouement*, and the conclusion is

often weak, and falls far short of the expectation excited during the progress of the play. The quick fancy of the author is seen in the lively dialogues and profusion of startling incidents; but to combine so many complications, and to prepare the final catastrophe so artistically that the spectator shall be held in suspense until the end, require more meditation and repose than Lope ever bestowed upon his work.

All shades of life are represented in his plays. The most numerous are of the class of *Capa y Espada*, or dramas of "Cloak and Sword," in which love and intrigue are pictured in forms true to the gay Spanish capital. No one comprehended this side of the Castilian character better than Lope. With a faithful pen he represented the constancy, courage, and tenderness of woman, and the dashing spirit of the cavalier. All the social trickery of Spain was familiar to him. Here is a little scene from "The Madrid Steel," which reveals much of Spanish coquetry. A young girl, Belisa, is walking with Theodora, an aunt who acts as duenna to the fair maiden:

Theodora. Show more of gentleness and modesty;—
Of gentleness in walking quietly,
Of modesty in looking only down
Upon the earth you tread.

Belisa. 'Tis what I do.

Theodora. What? When you are looking at that man?

Belisa. Did you not bid me look upon the earth?
And what is he but just a bit of it?

Theodora. I said the earth whereon you tread, my niece.

Belisa. But that whereon I tread is well concealed
With my own petticoat and walking-dress.

Theodora. Words such as these become no well-bred maid.
But, by your mother's blessed memory,
I'll teach you to quit all your pretty tricks.

* * * * * * *

Come home with me, come home.

Belisa. A pretty scolding shall we catch for this.

A drama which still holds its place on the Spanish stage is "The Star of Seville." It is more carefully written than most of Lope's plays, and contains many beautiful passages. The argument is very dramatic. Sancho Ortez and Estrella are lovers soon to be married with the consent of Bustos Tavera, Estrella's brother and guardian. But Estrella is the most beautiful woman, the "Star" of Seville, and the king is in love with her. Bustos, watchful of his sister's honor, thrusts the royal lover from his house. The king demands of Sancho, who is a magistrate, that the man who has drawn a sword against his royal person shall be killed. Sancho gives

his word, but refuses to assassinate the offender. He thus addresses the king:

* * * Señor, a soldier I,
A man of noble birth; and wouldst thou, then,
Cause me to slay a man as murderers do?
Not so. It shall be done in honorable fight,
With challenge in due form, and in the public square,
That all Seville may see and know the truth.
He who doth strike at a defenceless man
Stands crowned with infamy before the world;
While he who fell by the assassin's hand
Becomes the hero. * * *

The king consents to the duel, and presents Sancho with a paper containing the name of the man whom he must meet in mortal combat. Meanwhile the preparations for the wedding of the lovers are being made, and there are sweet passages between the two. At length Sancho opens the paper containing the fatal name, of which he has hitherto remained ignorant.

Sancho (reading). "This is the name of him whom thou must kill:
Bustos Tavera."
God in heaven, have mercy!
Eternal wreck and ruin on my head
If he should die, and that sad work be mine.
Alas, this life is but a game of cards,
Badly dealt out and full of dire misplay.
I saw my future dressed in rainbow hues,

But now all dim. The cards are shuffled up
By the cold hand of death, and I am lost.
Where shall I turn? My honor to the king
Commands me: kill thy friend, and lose thy love.
No, no! Bustos shall live— But then shall I
Sacrifice honor to desire? Not so.
Bustos must die— Stop, cruel, bloody hand,
He shall not— Woe is me. Honor or love
Must yield. The king, my royal lord, commands;
His servant I, who must obey his word.
Beloved Estrella, misery and death
Have parted us forever. Hope is fled.

The duel takes place, and Bustos is killed. Sancho is arrested, and sooner than bring a scandal on the name of Estrella, he refuses to disclose the truth. The judges are about to pass sentence, when the king, moved by such fidelity and heroism, confesses his fault, and establishes the innocence of Sancho, whom he endeavors to reconcile with his bride; but the lovers mutually agree that they can never be happy together, and the lady retires to a convent.

These dramas of gallantry and heroism were a new revelation to the Spanish public, which had hitherto been treated to stage representations of the lowest character. Nor were Lope's pastoral plays less popular. His poetic nature, added to his dramatic talent, gave to his pastorals the twofold interest

of a lively plot and exquisite descriptions of nature, and sweet, simple rural life.

Lope also wrote historical plays and *Autos Sacramentales*, or religious dramas of one act, with a *loa*, or prologue, intended to be performed in the streets during the season of Corpus Christi. The *Autos* had their origin in the mysteries of early ages, and were a form of drama always popular in Spain. Representations of this character are still given in many Spanish villages during religious feasts. The *Autos* by Lope were, like all his works, especially adapted to the public for which he wrote. In this sympathy with the Spanish populace lay much of his strength; and whatever he touched, social life, sacred or profane history or legend, received new interest and gave fresh pleasure to the hearts of his hearers. Although his faults were many, he deserves the credit of having been the first to develop intellect and modern culture upon the Spanish stage.

Lope de Vega had an army of followers; men who imitated his style, his plots, and openly acknowledged him as their model. The most noteworthy among them was **Juan Perez de Montalvan** (1602–'38), who was not only the friend and pupil of Lope, but

also his biographer. His mind was so precocious that when only seventeen he was a successful dramatic writer. He composed with great rapidity; but, allowing himself no rest, the constant strain proved too much for his mental faculties, and during the last years of his short life he became hopelessly insane. His poetry is even more vigorous and energetic than that of his great master; although in certain imaginative passages his youthful enthusiasm carries him to an excess of the *estilo culto*, or Góngorism. The only one of his plays which still retains its popularity is "The Lovers of Teruel," founded on an ancient tradition of Aragon. Like all dramatists of that period, he wrote several *Autos*, which must have appeared extravagant even at that time of wild metaphor. Polyphemus playing on a guitar, a Cyclops as an allegorical representation of Judaism, Christ, and the Christian Church, are remarkable elements to be combined in a popular drama; but they are all to be found in Montalvan's *Auto* of Polyphemus.

The works of Lope and his school gave such extended popularity to secular drama that a formidable opposition was raised by the Church party, who countenanced only the performance of *Autos*. The opposers of

the theatre rallied around Philip the Third, but that monarch, fearing popular displeasure, refused to forbid public representation. He placed the theatre, however, under strict supervision, and forbade all immorality on the stage, a prohibition greatly needed. Secular drama had obtained too strong a hold in Spain to be crushed by ecclesiastical interference, and the writings of Lope and Calderon served to strengthen it, and place it on a firm and enduring foundation.

CALDERON.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca (1600–'81). —This great master of the Spanish drama has been counted by many critics as far superior to Lope de Vega. Friedrich Schlegel, although praising Lope for his brilliancy, considers Calderon as a man of larger intellect and nobler aims. The solution to this opinion probably lies in the fact that Schlegel, being a zealous Catholic, found Calderon not only a serious and Christian poet, but a man more devoted to the interests of the Church than Lope, who, although a priest, always retained his light, worldly character, and embraced the Church more to obtain leisure for literary work than as a matter of heart and belief.

It is difficult to compare the two, as their genius was essentially different. Calderon, by far the slower worker, developed his plots with more artistic skill, while in the plots themselves he was less original than his successful rival. Both Calderon and Lope were the pets of their nation, and their lives, unlike that of poor Cervantes, fell in pleasant places.

Calderon's long life was almost devoid of incident. After his studies at the university were finished, he returned to Madrid, his native city. In 1620 he took part in the great poetical contest there, at which Montalvan, too, was a competitor for the prize. Both the young aspirants received warm praises from Lope de Vega, who said of Calderon that he earned laurels which only time and hoary hairs were wont to bestow.

With the exception of a campaign with the armies in Flanders and Italy, Calderon resided in Madrid, where he was court poet, and favorite of Philip the Fourth, whose love of letters, and especially of the drama, did much toward the firm establishment of secular theatres in Spain.

In 1651 Calderon entered a religious brotherhood, and became royal chaplain. Nearly all literary men of that period were

members of some religious order; and it is a strange fact that, while the Church discountenanced the theatre, all eminent writers of secular dramas were priests.

The reign of Philip the Fourth was a period of shameful moral degradation. A king of weak character, engrossed in the enjoyment of letters and the drama, he paid but little attention to the affairs of his kingdom. Philip died in 1665, leaving to Charles the Second, his successor, a legacy of corruption and mismanagement, which Charles only made more miserable and shameful. Calderon outlived Philip sixteen years, and during the whole period of his life he was under the influence of one of the most degrading epochs of Spanish history. Although his genius shone clear and brilliant above all the corruption which surrounded him, its development was distorted, and his ideas of life were less elevated than they would have been had he lived at a more fortunate time.

The dramas of Calderon are carefully written and artistically wrought out. A. W. Schlegel says of them: "All is finished with the most perfect talent, agreeable to fixed principles, and to the first rules of art." He is often, indeed, too mannered, and

yields too little to impulse, giving mere cold, elegant poetry in passages where feeling should predominate over all rules. His great dramatic power, however, atones for all these defects. His development of the plot held the spectator entranced until the splendid *dénouement* was unrolled suddenly and with wonderful effect. His skill in bestowing upon a scene the semblance of reality was such that often whole audiences sprang to their feet in excitement. It is related that at one time a *gendarme*, who had been placed as a guard upon the stage, so far forgot himself as to spring forward, sword in hand, to rescue a fair maiden who was being sold to the Moors. Calderon was fond of introducing Moors into his dramas. Their violent, jealous character gave opportunity for many dramatic situations, while their picturesque costume and love of magnificent display enabled him to indulge his passion for brilliant stage effects. The strongest play in which Moors are introduced is "Love Survives Life," a tragic episode of the revolt of the Moors in the Alpuxarra, near Granada, in 1570. The loves of Clara and Tuzani, a Moorish chieftain, form the central interest. Tuzani, seeking to rescue his lady from the destruction of Galera,

discovers her poniarded by a Spanish soldier. She dies in his arms, and he vows to kill her murderer. Alone, in the disguise of a Castilian, he visits the Spanish camp, and discovers the soldier who has committed the outrage. He stabs him, and thus addresses a Spanish officer who, hearing the tumult, comes seeking the cause:

> You shall remember me. Tuzani I,
> Who from the Alpuxarra have come down
> To slay a man, the murderer of my bride.

The soldiers surround him, and are about to lead him to prison, when Don John of Austria and Figueroa appear:

> *Figueroa.* Did this man, lying dead here at our feet,
> Murder the lady thou didst love?
> *Tuzani.* He did.
> And him I slew.
> *Figueroa.* Well hast thou done. To thee
> We owe respect, not censure. Grant, my lord,
> Freedom unto this Moor. Thou, too, wouldst kill
> One who should injure her, thy plighted love,
> Or thou wert not Don John of Austria.

The commander hesitates to countenance so rash a deed; but Tuzani, drawing his sword, parts the soldiers, and makes good his escape to the mountains.

Calderon wrote many dramas of the class of *Capa y Espada.* They are very dramatic;

but nothing could be more monstrous and revolting than the depths of jealousy and intrigue revealed in such plays as the "Physician of his own Honor," "No Monster like Jealousy," or the "Painter of his own Dishonor." They are a terrible reflection of the degraded taste of the time. The morals of a public which demanded such food could only be at the very lowest condition. "The Scarf and the Flower" is somewhat better in tone; although full of intrigue, it is less offensive to good taste, and contains much graceful poetry and sparkling dialogue.

In his philosophic dramas, Calderon is much more to be praised. He was a man of deep thought; and many passages may be extracted from his works which, taken independent of their surroundings, form perfect poems. Here is one from the drama "Life is a Dream," which contains deep philosophy. It is spoken to comfort an unfortunate prince whose father has confined him from childhood in an isolated forest cave:

An ancient sage, once on a time, they say,
Who lived remote, afar from mortal sight,
Sustained his feeble life as best he might,
With herbs and berries gathered by the way.
"Can any other one," said he one day,

"So poor, so destitute as I, be found?"
And when he turned his head to look around,
He saw the answer: creeping slowly there,
Came an old man who gathered up with care
The herbs which he had cast upon the ground.

"The Steadfast Prince" is one of the most celebrated of Calderon's plays. It is founded, as were many of his plots, upon historical fact. A full account of Prince Fernando, the hero of the drama, is given by Mariana in his history of Spain, and also in the old Portuguese chronicle of Ruy de Pina. Fernando joined the Portuguese expedition against the Moors in Africa in 1433. A disastrous battle was fought near Tangier, and Fernando, with many others, was carried into cruel captivity. Freedom was offered to the prince on condition that he surrender an African fortress belonging to the Portuguese. He firmly refuses,

Because it is not mine to give.
A Christian city—it belongs to God.

In consequence of this refusal, Fernando is subjected to terrible sufferings, from which only his death releases him. This drama is entirely free from the elements which render so many of Calderon's most powerful plays both revolting and offensive. It treats only of the noblest sentiments. Here is the

reply of Fernando to his brother Henry, who comes to announce that the King of Portugal, who had died of grief at Fernando's imprisonment, willed with his last breath that Ceuta, the fortress, should be surrendered:

Cease, Henry: I would hear no more. Such words
Are not alone unworthy of a prince,
Of one who follows after Christ the Lord,
But of the vilest of the common herd,
Or even of one blind to the Christian faith.
The king, my brother—blessed now in heaven—
If in his will he hath declared that I
Should gain my freedom at a price so dear,
He would by that show his intense desire
To break my prison chains, and would incite
The people to arise again in war,
To crush the infidel and set me free.
In saying, "Let the fort be given up
To save Fernando," he would but imply
The need of effort and great diligence.
A Christian king would ne'er consent to yield
To the base keeping of the infidel
That city which to gain cost Christian blood,
Where he himself, with shield and sword in hand,
Sprang to the ramparts, in the face of death,
And planted there the banner of the Cross.
And more than this: that city, now the home
Of Christian men and women, ne'er shall be
Delivered over to the spoiler's hand,
Nor Portugal be shamed by such a deed.

To Calderon belongs the honor of having

prepared the first long play ever produced upon the Spanish stage with the accompaniment of music, in imitation of the opera, which had been introduced into France by Louis the Fourteenth. Lope de Vega had brought out several *entremeses*, or short pieces, which had been sung with great applause at court, which was already inclined to follow French customs. In 1659, at the festivities attendant upon the marriage of the French king with the Infanta Maria Theresa, Calderon's "Blood-stain of the Rose" was sung before the court; a performance which led to the establishment of the *Zarzuela*, or popular opera, which still remains a national feature of the Spanish stage.

Calderon also introduced music into many of his *Autos*. During his latter years he became very serious and religious, and devoted himself principally to the writing of these Sacramental Acts. He is said to have written over seventy *Autos*, whose titles, as "God's Vineyard" and "Ruth's Gleanings," indicate their character. They are crowded with allegorical personages, and the great Spirit of Evil plays a prominent part in them all; a fact which led to the sarcasm of Quevedo, that the devil was becoming an elegantly dressed and very presum-

ing personage, walking the stage as if the theatre was his own private residence.

Of Calderon's long religious plays the most celebrated are "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick" and the "Devotion to the Cross." Although these dramas abound in superstition and Catholic dogma, they also present much worldly wickedness and intrigue. In "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick," the *gracioso*, or buffoon—an indispensable character in a Spanish comedy—is one of the worst of his class, and utters much rudeness. The "Devotion to the Cross" has been called the most remarkable piece of Spanish sacred drama. The hero, Eusebio, is a man whose life is steeped in crime of every description; but bearing the mark of a cross on his bosom, he reverences that holy sign, and at last, when killed in a fight between peasants and banditti, of which band he is one, life remains in his apparently dead body until Alberto, a holy hermit, approaches, to grant absolution:

Eusebio. Alberto, in Christ's name I called on thee.
Before I die I would confess my sins.
This icy corpse scarce held the struggling soul;
But death forbore to part spirit and flesh
Until I could confess my many crimes.
Listen while I relate them unto thee,
For they are more than all the ocean sands,
Or motes that float adown the sunbeam's path.

Yet Christ knew my devotion to the cross,
And would not let me die unpurified.

Eusebio confesses to Alberto, receives absolution, and dies, while Julia, who had fled from her convent walls for love of Eusebio, grasps a cross, and standing by her lover's grave, ascends with it to heaven, while the hermit cries, "A great miracle." Friedrich Schlegel says that "in Calderon everything is conceived in the spirit of Christian love and purification, seen in its light, and clothed in the splendor of its heavenly coloring." A more truthful statement would represent the great dramatist as fond of miracles, wonderful conversions, and all things supposed to throw a glory around the holy Mother Church, of which he was so devoted a member. He was a man of large intellect and noble thought, and his faults were due to the bigotry and corruption of his time. He raised the drama to a high position, and gave it many noble qualities. An author who could create such characters as Prince Fernando, the Moor Tuzani, and Mariamne, the heroine of "No Monster like Jealousy," is worthy of the extravagant praise which has been lavished upon him.

Among the many imitators of Calderon,

Agustin Moreto was the most popular. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he was a member of a religious brotherhood in Toledo, where he died in 1669. His plays are still well known in Spain. The title of one of them, "The Handsome Don Diego," has become a national proverb, applicable to all fops who indulge in fancy toilets, and imagine themselves beloved by all the fair sex.

Some other excellent dramatists of this period are **Gabriel Tellez**, known in literature as "Tirso de Molina;" **Francisco de Rojas**, whose play of "None below the King" is often represented on the modern Spanish stage; **José de Cañizares**, whose career began when Calderon's ended, and extended to the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the last of the writers of the old-school drama; and his works, although possessing some merit, indicate the loss of originality and general decay which was slowly seizing on Spanish drama after its great masters had ceased their labors.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Charles the Second died in 1700, and with him perished the Spanish branch of the House of Austria. Philip the Fifth, who

now ascended the throne, was grandson of Louis the Fourteenth of France, and the first of the long line of Spanish Bourbons who, in spite of many reverses, still hold the throne of Spain.

The deplorable state into which Spanish literature had fallen was not improved by the influence of Philip, who, although a prince of intelligence, was still a Frenchman, and more inclined to introduce French manners into his new kingdom than to re-establish national customs. Still, he is to be commended as the founder of the Spanish Academy, modelled after the Academy of France. The first work of the Academy was the compilation of a dictionary; and the fact that its editors were obliged to seek assistance from the dictionary of Lebrija, published in 1492, proves the extent to which the development of the Castilian tongue had been neglected.

Universal literary stagnation pervaded Spain during nearly the entire reign of Philip. The crushing power of the Inquisition, with its revolting spectacles of human sacrifices, and the constant restraint placed upon free thought, had at length succeeded in killing the intellect of the nation. The ancient chivalric spirit was gone. Science

was not permitted to exist; and with the expulsion from Spain, early in the seventeenth century, of hundreds of thousands of Moriscos, a large amount, not only of wealth and enterprise, but also of learning and culture, had been lost. Feeble-minded monarchs and intriguing emissaries of the Church had united to drag the national character down to the lowest point. Still, there remained an unquenched spark of the old Castilian grandeur which gradually began to awaken. One of the peculiarities of the Spanish intellect is its genuine nationality. Adverse circumstances may crush it to the dust, but it will in time awaken from its long slumber as thoroughly Spanish as before. This characteristic saved Spain from being turned by its new rulers into an imitator of France. The nation remained true to its traditions, and the Bourbon kings were forced to resign French customs, and to become as thoroughly Spanish as the people they governed. The intense nationality of the Spanish race, while it has served to distinguish it and to preserve much of the original glory of Castile, has also acted disadvantageously on the national growth. The aversion to accept foreign customs, combined with the conservative influence of its priest-

hood, still a ruling element in the Peninsula, places Spain to-day among the most backward of civilized nations, not only in literature and science, but in that large liberality of education and untrammelled intellectual development the natural result of the extended culture of modern times.

The first symptoms of the revival of literature, which introduced the modern era of Spanish authors, were neither brilliant nor original, but they were at least indications that the mind of Spain was still living.

In 1737, **Ignacio de Luzan** (1702–'54), a native of Aragon, who had been educated in Italy, published a work called the "Art of Poetry," in which he endeavored to establish the rules of French criticism, and to introduce French forms into Spanish verse. His book is written with judgment and good taste, and the beauty of his clear style fully sustains his severity toward the school of writers who followed in the steps of Góngora. The poetry of Luzan is also remarkable for the noble simplicity of its language. Here are some lines from his address before the *Academia de las Nobles Artes* in 1753:

Its ever varying sway
Inconstant fate exerts o'er all;
Born subject to successive fall

Each earthly state!—Fleeting the ancient glory
Of early Greece and Rome's immortal name:
Ruins whose grandeur yet survives in story,
And treasured fondly still by long-recording fame.
Even at the touch of years that pass away
Cities and empires crumble to decay!—
Virtue alone remains,
Fair daughter of the Eternal, in whose mind
Perfection of all goodness rests enshrined,—
And, changeless still, her steadfastness maintains.
How vainly Chance,
With desperate wrath, that peaceful reign would mar;
As toward mighty rocks in constant war
The raging ocean's headlong waves advance;
While as the faithful star
That to the trembling pilot points his course,
Though Aquilo and Notus try their force,
She guides our wandering bark to sheltering havens far.

Anonymous.

Appearing at a time of such literary dearth, the opinions of this author were not without influence. But a Spanish party immediately sprang up, led by **Vicente Garcia de la Huerta** (died 1787), who endeavored to counteract French influence, and to revive the spirit of the early Castilian poets. Huerta, although of some consequence in his time, was a man of average intellect, and neither his efforts nor those of Luzan served to awaken much literary activity.

Among the most noticeable productions

of the first half of the eighteenth century were the writings of a Benedictine monk, **Benito Feijoo** (1676–1764). This man, who lived in strict retirement from the world, dared to prouounce against the ignorance and intolerance of his time. Being a sincere Catholic, he had the tact not to offend his Church, but in his volumes of essays, "The Critical Theatre" and "Learned Letters," he boldly denounced the existing systems of education, and ridiculed the vulgar superstitions connected with astronomical phenomena. A monk of this period daring to favor the teachings of Galileo, Bacon, and other men of science and philosophy, and actually to advocate their adoption, appears like the rising of a star in a dark night. Feijóo was bitterly attacked on all sides, but opposition only served to make his practical good-sense and judgment the more prominent.

Another priest of this period deserves mention for the salutary influence he exercised over Spanish oratory. **Father Isla** (1703–'81), a Jesuit, was a man gifted with uncommon power as a satirist, which, combined with his keen insight, made him a formidable opponent of all falseness and trickery. His "History of the Famous Preacher,

Fray Gerundio," is ranked among the best works of Spanish satire. Its power in putting a stop to the absurd and metaphorical pulpit oratory of the time was as marked as that of "Don Quixote" over the books of chivalry. Fray Gerundio, with his neat clerical costume, his fashionable lisp, his high-sounding style, and, above all, "his silken cap adorned with much curious embroidery and a fanciful tassel—the work of certain female devotees, who were dying with admiration of their favorite preacher," was a man found too often among clerical circles for his portrait not to be immediately recognized. Naturally the book, which had a large sale, was bitterly opposed by the preaching friars; but even they were compelled to mend their ways, or they at once received the *sobriquet* of "Fray Gerundio," a name of ridicule still in force in Spain.

In 1749, a poetical society, called the *Academia de Buen Gusto* (Academy of Good Taste), was established in Madrid. It was under the patronage of the Countess of Lemos, and Luzan was one of its first members. **Agustin Montiano**, author of some very good dramas; **Luis Velazquez**, whose work on the "Sources of Castilian Poetry" re-

ceived much attention; and the **Count of Torrepalma**, were among the eminent men connected with this society.

THE BISCAYAN SOCIETY.

After the death of Luzan, the spirit of his work found a new advocate in **Nicolas de Moratin** (1737–'80), a Biscayan gentleman, whose entire energy was devoted to reforming the literary taste of his countrymen. His inclination toward French models robbed his writings of much of the old Castilian fire and energy, but many of his poems are graceful in language, as well as tender and beautiful in thought. He wrote some spirited ballads on Morisco legends, and a long ode to a champion bull-fighter, in which a goodly spark of Spanish fire glistens in spite of the poet's evident efforts to keep his enthusiasm within bounds. Here is a sonnet by Moratin as delicate and purely Spanish as the poems of Garcilasso:

An inspiration from on high
  Fell on me, sitting all alone;
Seizing my harp, a gentle sigh
  Swept from its strings, a mournful tone.
So touching were those accents sweet
  That meadow broad and quiet plain
And cavernous mountain did repeat
  The woeful utterance of my pain.

The stream, reflecting azure skies,
  Grew clouded, hearing my lament;
The rugged forest made replies
  Responsive to my discontent.
She only, the sweet cause of all my pain,
She heeded not, nor answered me again.

Moratin was also the author of several didactic poems, and a long poetic narrative of the destruction of his ships by Cortes. He wrote some comedies, in which he made efforts to combine the French style of plot with Spanish forms of verse, but they met with little favor from the public.

Moratin was a man of great social talents, and the leader of the literary circle of Madrid, where, in 1765, he founded the Biscayan Society of Poets. It was composed of men whose intellects were rapidly giving a new brightness to Spanish literature. The object of the Biscayan Society, established on the principles set forth by Luzan, was the promotion of good taste in letters; and while its members were inclined to follow French models, the old Castilian spirit was still alive, as may be seen from the only topics for conversation allowable at their meetings—"Love, Poetry, Bull-fights, and the Theatre."

Some remarkable men were members of

this society of Moratin. **José de Cadalso** (1741–'82), a native of Cadiz, but a descendant of the Northern mountaineers, was a man well versed in the language and literature of foreign countries, and of a broad, comprehensive intellect. He was the author of a "Treatise on Fashionable Learning," and also of much good poetry. His Anacreontics, and poems in the short lines which are so musical and flowing in Spanish, are of special excellence. He was a most worthy member of the Biscayan Society, and his sudden death at the siege of Gibraltar was the cause of general mourning.

Tomas de Yriarte (1750–'91) was one of the most prominent of the Biscayans. He was a native of the island of Teneriffe, but passed his life in Madrid, where his uncle had charge of the Royal Library. Yriarte was an accomplished linguist, and a musician. At eighteen years of age he was already known as a dramatic writer, and, when twenty-one, he wrote some Latin verses on the birth of the young prince, afterward Charles the Fourth, which brought their youthful author much honor. Although the serious poetry of Yriarte is elegant in style, and received much favorable notice, it is for his "Literary Fables" that he is especially re-

membered. Yriarte's fables are the delight not only of youthful Spain, which knows his lively stories by heart, but also of older and wiser heads, who find concealed therein much wisdom, and sharp satire on the follies of the day. Here are two of the shortest. It is needless to say that much of their grace vanishes in translation:

THE SILK-WORM AND THE SPIDER.

One day as a silk-worm slowly spun
Its delicate thread in the noontide sun,
A spider cried, from its darksome nook,
"Look at my web, fair sister, look!
I began it at dawn—'tis hardly noon,
And yet my task will be ended soon;
For while thou spinnest thy life away,
I weave a web in a single day.
Examine it well—each airy line
Is as fine and neat as the best of thine."
"True," said the silk-worm, "fine thread thou dost make,
But thread so quickly spun is quick to break."

THE MUSICAL ASS.

The fable which I now present,
Occurred to me by accident.

A stupid ass one morning went
Into a field by accident,
And cropped his food, and was content,
Until he spied by accident

A flute, some swain on thought intent
Had left behind by accident;
When, snuffing it with eager scent,
He breathed in it by accident,
And made the hollow instrument
Emit a sound by accident.
"Hurrah, hurrah," exclaimed the brute,
"How cleverly I play the flute."

A fool, in spite of nature's bent,
May shine for once—by accident.

Anonymous.

Yriarte was very severe on the false taste in letters of many writers of that period, and many of his fables are aimed directly at the offenders. Here are some morals of fables where apes, frogs, and parrots have been the actors:

Then let me drop into each author's ear
A piece of counsel: keep your meaning clear,
Your statements lucid; for of this be sure,
That dulness only ever is obscure.

Many bardlings in a strain
Just as fugitive and vain—
Never terse and never strong,
But inordinately long,
And, despite of much pretence,
Quite without the sap of sense—
Flourish for a day, and then
Vanish from the eyes of men. *Anonymous.*

Juan Bautista Muñoz (1745–'99), also a member of Moratin's society, is noticeable as the leading historian of this period. Charles the Third, a monarch who endeavored to encourage learning, and to correct, as far as lay in his power, the many abuses existing in his corrupt kingdom, gave orders that Muñoz should prepare a history of the Spanish conquests in America. Much opposition was raised to the new work by the members of the Academy of History, who, since the abolition of the office of royal chronicler, had retained almost absolute control of official historical records; but royal permission enabled Muñoz to obtain access to the national archives; and his work, remarkable for its clear, vigorous style, was successfully progressing, when his early death at fifty-four years of age put an end to his labors.

Felix Maria Samaniego (1745–1801), although not a member of Moratin's Biscayan Society, was closely connected with it, and devoted himself to the same interests. His fables are as popular in Spain as those of Yriarte. Besides many original fables, with morals aimed at existing follies, he wrote a large number, founded on those of Æsop, La Fontaine, and Oriental authors.

THE SALAMANCA SOCIETY.

The combined efforts of Luzan and Moratin and his friends on the one hand, and Huerta and his party on the other, had brought Spanish literature to two extremes; and it remained for the poets of another school, started in Salamanca toward the close of the reign of Charles the Third, to elevate national poetry to a standard worthy of the modern spirit of the eighteenth century.

The leader of this school was one of the sweetest of Spanish poets, **Juan Melendez Valdés** (1754–1817), a native of Estremadura. While this author did not despise the good to be found in French poetry, he upheld the cultivation of literature on purely national principles, and endeavored to revive the nobleness as well as the tender grace of early Castile.

While studying at Salamanca, Melendez formed the acquaintance of Cadalso, that scholar and kindly gentleman, always ready to discover genius in others. Although Melendez followed a different course in literature, he never forgot his early obligation to this friend, whose superior culture made him of great assistance to the young author.

The first literary success of Melendez was his eclogue of "Batilo," which won a prize from the Spanish Academy. He afterward received the prize offered by the city of Madrid for the best drama, his pastoral comedy of "The Marriage of Camacho" having received the approving vote of the judges.

Melendez followed the law as a profession, and at different times held high office in the Spanish courts; but like most of the prominent men of that period, he became involved in the troublous affairs of state, and suffered persecution and exile. His house was sacked, and his valuable library destroyed; and at length, after narrowly escaping death at the hands of a mob, he retired, heart-sick and weary, to France, where he died.

In spite of constant misfortune, Melendez devoted much strength to literary labors. He was a very careful writer, and was accustomed to correct his poems many times before allowing them to be published. As a lyric poet, he displays much grace and freshness, combined with delicate fancy; and his good taste and pure style exerted a salutary influence over those who were associated with him in the work of reviving literature. His strength is seen in his poems,

"A Winter's Night," "The Tempest," and "The Parting;" while one of the most graceful and delicate of Spanish *Letrillas* is "The Flower of Zurguen"—a flower which will not bear transplanting from its Castilian soil.

The following is a version of a portion of his ode "To a Fallen Tree," a good illustration of the delicacy of his thought and imagery:

Noble and mighty tree, where is thy strength?
Where the refreshing shadow of thy boughs?
Where all thy wealth and crown of foliage?
Echo repeats no more the silvery tone
Of the soft summer breeze among thy leaves.
Happy the day when Nature saw thy birth
Upon the streamlet's bank. The water laughed
And sprang to kiss thy feet. With rapid growth
Thy beauteous branches towered to the skies,
And the broad valley greeted thee as king!
In thee the birds builded their sheltered nests;
Thou wert the sanctuary of their love;
And when the dawn opened its pearly gates,
Revealing there the ruby glow of day,
A joyous chorus sounded from thy boughs,
Calling on lass and swain to tend their flocks.
In the delicious months of leaf and flower,
The village youth sought thy refreshing shade
To while away the hours with dance and song;
And oft at even-tide young lovers came
Whispering beneath thy sympathetic boughs,
Which did repeat again their tender sighs.
The reapers, too, weary at burning noon,

In thy life-giving coolness sat at rest,
While gentle sleep fell on them like a dream.
Alas, for thee, the cruel Winter came,
And thou didst stand alone with branches bare,
Yet full of promise, till one bitter day
The lightning flashed from heaven and laid thee low,
Sad proof of its resistless rage and power.
Thy strength in one short instant overthrown,
Thou liest with shattered trunk, blasted and dead.
None shall approach thee more: the simple swain
Sees in thy fate ill omen for his love,
And shuns with trembling steps thy baneful spell;
The birds, thy former comrades, soar afar.
Only the solitary turtle-dove
Perches in thy dead limbs, as if they stood
A counterpart of her own lonely fate;
While to her melancholy wail a voice
From thy dead heart utters a sad reply,
And hill and valley echo mournfully:
What then is life? Even as mighty trees,
Men fall, and in an instant all is past.

Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos (1744–1811), a native of Asturias, was closely connected with the literary life of Melendez. He was at one time minister of state under Charles the Fourth; but assailed by jealousy and intrigue, he was exiled, and afterward cruelly imprisoned for seven years in the fortress of Majorca. After the fall and abdication of Charles, Jovellanos was released; but his health was ruined by long sufferings, and he lived but a few years to enjoy the

honors which were showered upon him by his countrymen.

Jovellanos was a man of true and noble character, and few Spaniards can boast of a reputation so pure, or of a name so universally respected. As dramatist and poet, he was serious, philosophic, and elevated. His prose comedy of "The Honored Culprit," directed against certain cruel laws, met with a success hitherto unknown in Spain. He wrote several satires in the style of Juvenal, and some burlesque poems on the literary war between the French and Spanish schools, all of which won popular favor. His odes are grand and majestic. Those to the sun and the moon are among his most celebrated. The sun, the strong god—

> Great parent of the universe;
> Bright ruler of the lucid day;
> Thou glorious sun, whose influence
> The endless swarms of life obey,
> Drinking existence from thy ray!—

is apostrophized in verses full of awe and adoration; while the address to the moon,

> Clothed with gentle radiance,
> Moving with noiseless step, Queen of the Night,

is tender and quiet in feeling. The contrast between these two poems is a striking illus-

tration of the poet's skill. The prose of Jovellanos is not less powerful than his poetry. He was the author of several papers on public topics, which received praise, not alone from Spain, but from all Europe.

Josef Iglesias (1753–'91) is also worthy of mention among the Salamanca poets. His best works are his light satires, epigrams, and *Letrillas*. Before his death he became a priest; and his later poems are of a more serious character, and possess less merit than the graceful verses of his youth. Here is a dainty song, a good example of the youthful style of Iglesias:

Alexis calls me cruel:
  The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
  He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
  Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
  The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
  My feelings without shame;
And tell him how I love him,
  Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
  When heart inclines to heart,

And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among the foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.

BRYANT.

Diego Gonzalez (1733–'94), an Augustine monk, was also of Salamanca. He was a strict follower after early Spanish models, and a confessed admirer of Luis de Leon, whose style he imitated. His jocose poems were the most popular of his works.

Nicasio Alvarez de Cienfuegos (1764–1809) was the most notable of the followers and friends of Melendez. He was educated at Salamanca, where, at the side of Melendez, ten years his senior, he devoted himself to the study of literature. In 1798, he published a volume of poems, ballads, elegies, and odes, which was so well received by the public that the poet was invited to Madrid to take charge of the government gazette. His patriotism was intense, and his refusal to submit to the invading forces of France brought down on him the death-sentence, which was, however, commuted to transportation into France. A life on alien soil was too humiliating for his proud spirit, and

scarcely had he reached his place of banishment than he died of grief and disappointment. His memory is tenderly cherished by patriotic Spain. Cienfuegos was like his friend and teacher only in his nobleness and his love of the national literature. While Melendez was tender, gentle, and moderate in all his sentiment, Cienfuegos was fiery, passionate, and incapable of containing his feeling within bounds when his beloved country suffered any imputation or humiliation from foreign sources. His impetuosity often injures the natural purity of his style. One of his strongest poems is on the peace between Spain and France in 1795, a peace soon to be broken by worse confusion than before. The dramas of Cienfuegos, although of some importance in their day, were shorter-lived than his poetry. They were founded on foreign models; for although the Salamanca poets upheld the early Castilian literature, they were men of too broad a culture to escape being influenced by the growth of surrounding nations.

Another good writer of this school was **Juan Pablo Forner** (1756–'97), author of poetical satires and epigrams, and of many well-written prose essays, both critical and philosophical.

Other authors of this period are **Manuel de Arjona** (1761–1820) of Seville, a man deeply versed in civil and ecclesiastical law as well as literature; the **Count of Noroña** (1760–1816), an eminent warrior and statesman as well as poet; **Francisco Barbero**, the most renowned Latin scholar of his time, and author of a Latin grammar and some excellent work on Rhetoric, as well as of much good poetry.

MODERN LITERATURE.

Leandro Fernandez de Moratin (1760–1828). This illustrious dramatist was the first to write plays for the Spanish stage in a thoroughly modern spirit. He was the son of Nicolas Moratin, who, dreading a repetition of his own literary troubles for his boy, apprenticed him to a jeweller. But, alone and unassisted, young Moratin early developed a remarkable poetic talent. To the surprise and delight of his friends, when only nineteen years of age he received an Accessit from the Spanish Academy for a poem on the Fall of Granada; honors repeated, a few years later, on the appearance of his poetic satire on the faults of Castilian verse.

In 1787 Moratin visited Paris as secreta-

ry to the Spanish embassy, and there made the acquaintance of the celebrated Goldoni, whose influence was most beneficial to the young man, who had already, the year previous, tried his hand at dramatic writing. After his return to Spain, he was so fortunate as to secure the favor of Godoy, afterward Prince of the Peace, and enemy to the noble Jovellanos; but with the fall of that ambitious minister the outward fortune of Moratin was changed. His friends were exiled from court, and he found himself shut out from his former associations. He soon went to Paris, where he died. His remains were placed in the cemetery of Père la Chaise near the tombs of Molière and La Fontaine, where they rested till 1853, when, by order of the Spanish government, they were removed to Madrid. The memory of Moratin is tenderly honored in Spain, and his dramas are among the most popular of the modern Spanish theatre.

Nearly all of Moratin's plays were written with a purpose, either to expose an abuse or forward some social theory. "The Old Husband and Young Wife," "The Baron," and "The Hypocrite," are in verse, easy, graceful, and full of movement; but the most perfect of all his productions is his

prose comedy of "The Maiden's Consent." The following criticism on this drama, and the circumstance which produced it, is from the pen of the brilliant Larra, who flashed like a meteor on Madrid society, too soon disappearing forever: "Many of the radical errors of education which existed at the close of the past century and at the beginning of the present are, fortunately for the well-being of all sensible men, fast disappearing in these modern times. Old-time customs, children of a badly interpreted religion and of a crushing rule, which, during entire centuries, suffocated the free circulation of thought in Spain, had succeeded in establishing a routine not only in individual life, but also in the action of the government. There were invariable rules, from which none dared to deviate. Our forefathers, unaccustomed to think for themselves, denied that liberty to their children. The regular scholastic education of the established university was the only development permitted to our youth; and if the young girl left her convent at the age of twenty years to form an alliance with some person selected by paternal interest, she was said to have received a suitable education, and to be right-minded—right-minded, to sacrifice her future to

caprice or interest! If, unfortunately, she dared to raise her eyes beyond the wishes of her parents, the convent doors were unopened, and she was compelled to pass a life of solitary seclusion. Moratin determined to expose this abuse, and an object so worthy of his power could not fail to rouse him to great deeds. The *Si de las Niñas* is not simply a character comedy, like 'The Miser' or 'The Hypocrite,' which mirror extravagances and foolish passions; it is a genuine comedy of the times, of circumstances entirely local, and may be taken as a true record of social life. It is universally conceded to be the greatest work of Moratin, and the one in which lies his principal claim to immortal fame."

The plot of the *Si de las Niñas* is simple. A young girl at school in a convent has secretly formed a deep attachment to a young officer of dragoons. Her mother, however, has planned to marry her daughter to a rich old gentleman, whom the young girl, not daring to disobey maternal commands, has, with great sorrow, accepted. Now the young officer and the old gentleman are nephew and uncle, and very fond of each other. As each is ignorant of the other's matrimonial plans, many laughable complications occur.

In the end, however, the uncle discovers the loves of the two young people, renounces his own pretensions, and generously bestows his wealth upon the united pair. Nothing could be more sparkling than the development of this simple story, while the characters are individual and striking. Don Diego, the uncle, is wise for his day and generation, and from his mouth comes all the wisdom of the play. Doña Irene, the mother of the girl, is a true picture of an old Spanish gentlewoman. Loquacious, notional, entirely ignoring the individuality of her daughter, she tortures the good old Diego, who vainly strives to converse with his future bride, by herself answering all his questions, while Paquita, the young girl, sits silent and blushing. The third and last act is both amusing and pathetic. It contains many noble passages, while the interest and lively progression are never for an instant sacrificed. The condensed purpose of the whole play is contained in a speech of Don Diego, after he has, by much fatherly tenderness and consideration, drawn the admission from Paquita that she marries him to please her mother, but will herself be wretched as his wife. He says: "And this is the fruit of education. This is what we call the prop-

er training of a young girl, to teach her to dissemble, and to conceal her most innocent passions. She is thought complete when she is well instructed in the art of silence and lying. Neither temperament, age, nor disposition is allowed to have the slightest influence over her inclinations, and her will must be entirely submissive to the caprice of her governors. Nothing in her is so much abhorred and forbidden as sincerity. The poor child is well educated when she can refrain from showing her feelings, when she professes to hate what her heart longs for, when, if commanded, she gives a consent which is a perjury, a sacrilege, and the origin of many scandals. Excellent education, indeed, which inspires in young girls only the fear, cunning, and silence of a slave!"

It is not surprising that a play containing such bold opinions should have been forbidden to be presented on the Spanish stage; but public sentiment, already drifting toward more liberal ideas, triumphed in its demand for the production of the drama, unmutilated and entire as it came from the hand of its renowned author, who was, and still remains, the pride and delight of the Spanish people.

Manuel Breton de los Herreros (1796–1873) is among the most popular of modern dramatists. He lived in times of great political excitement, which could not fail to hasten the development of his naturally brilliant intellect. The liberal movements, so enthusiastically supported by the Spanish people during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, gave a new impetus to the progress of literature. Nearly all the eminent statesmen were authors, and while they exerted a beneficial influence on public affairs, they added to the nation's culture by much meritorious writing. Breton de los Herreros served as a volunteer in the army for eight years. When, in 1822, the country became comparatively tranquil, he retired to private life, and consecrated himself to literature. Two years later he published his first drama, which was so well received that the young author resolved to devote himself to the theatre. He was a rapid and graceful writer, and composed his dramas with wonderful facility. More than one hundred and thirty are included in his works, the most of which are still popular on the Spanish stage. Breton also published a volume of short poems, one of which, "In Defence of Woman," was pointed di-

rectly at certain abuses of Madrid society, and became deservedly popular. His prose works comprise almost numberless contributions to local publications, all of which are written in a liberal and manly spirit. Breton during his later years was director of the National Library at Madrid, and an active and honorable member of the Spanish Academy.

Francisco Martinez de la Rosa (1789–1862) was born in the ancient city of Granada, where he spent his early years. As student in the university of that city, he showed such facility and intelligence that, when scarcely twenty years of age, he was appointed to fill the professorship of philosophy. While he occupied this position, the struggle for national independence broke out in Spain, and with all the enthusiasm of youth he rushed to the defence of his country. His weapon of warfare was his powerful intellect. While Breton and many others fought sword in hand, Martinez de la Rosa accomplished still more by his stirring orations and his vigorous writings. When it became evident that the French armies were victoriously advancing, he sought refuge in Cadiz, whence he went to England, intrusted by government with an impor-

tant mission. In 1811, when what remained of the Spanish Cortes was assembled in Cadiz, Martinez de la Rosa, although too young to occupy a seat, was still an efficient adviser in all its deliberations. He was always on the side of liberalism and liberty, although, says Pacheco, his biographer, "he was one of those men who would not conspire even for good ends unlawfully; if by just means he could not reach the end in view, he would fold his arms, and quietly leave all to Providence." In 1814, when Ferdinand the Seventh returned to Spain, a terrible blow was struck at the hopes of the Liberals. The Cortes was dissolved, and many of its leaders were placed under arrest. Some retracted their opinions, but Martinez de la Rosa refused to move from his acknowledged position in regard to public affairs. He was accordingly transported to a penal settlement on the coast of Barbary, where he was confined six years, until the reaction of 1820 again recalled him to his native country. After vain efforts to form a ministry, he was again compelled to leave Spain as an exile. The next eight years he spent travelling in foreign lands, prosecuting his literary labors, and laying up stores of experience. He was afterward called sev-

eral times to support the constitution of 1812, of which he was one of the originators. His actions in the public affairs of Spain have been most important and honorable. Pacheco says: "Not even in times of general defamation has a word been raised against the purity of his conduct, nor have his greatest enemies ever ventured to impugn the honor of his intentions." He had the daring, while Minister of Spain, to unite with England in its efforts to suppress the African slave-trade, although the interests of the whole nation were opposed to his policy; but in the cause of justice and humanity this noble-minded statesman never wavered, nor sought popularity at the sacrifice of great measures.

While during his long life he labored for the public good of his country, he was not less active in literature. Few men have done so much to purify and elevate the public taste as this eminent statesman. His works comprise dramas, novels, poems, historical papers, and many carefully revised editions of early Spanish literature. His life of "Hernan Perez de Pulgar" restored to Spain a romantic and interesting episode of her early history. Perez de Pulgar was a follower of the "Great Captain," Gonzalvo

de Córdova, whose life he prepared by direction of Charles the Fifth. Perez himself is one of Spain's heroes of romance, for his daring in penetrating to the heart of the city of Granada and affixing a cross to the door of its principal mosque while the armies of Ferdinand were still encamped without the walls. This brave action has formed the subject of many popular ballads and dramas. The work of Martinez de la Rosa was a carefully prepared edition of the life of Gonzalvo, a copy of the edition of 1527 having been discovered by him in the Royal Library, to which he added a memoir of the brave Perez himself. He was a thorough student of early literature, and is an authority on many doubtful readings. His familiarity with early customs is seen in his historical romance of "Isabel de Solis, Queen of Granada," a romance written with the truth of a historian and the grace of a poet.

In his criticism on modern poetry, he displays great judgment, and rare appreciation of good in others. As a lyric poet, he stands among the first in Spain. In didactic poetry he is equally successful, and his sparkling epigrams are deservedly famous. His "Epistle to the Duke de Frias"

on the death of the Duchess is full of noble consolation, and contains much majestic thought. Here is an extract from his "Return to Spain," which reveals a little of his patriotism as well as his philosophy:

Dreaming to soothe my grief
With solitude, I fled, with restless feet,
Far from the city's crowded street,
And anxious, trembling, sought relief
Amid the crags of Alpine heights. In vain!
For the cold sunshine, glittering on the snow,
Cast not the cheering glow
That gleams from thy Sierras, happy Spain!
But under other skies,
Where, grand in ruin, dead Pompeii lies—
Its silent streets with grass o'ergrown,
Its crumbling halls, whence life has flown—
I found a mournful solitude
Responsive to my own sad mood.
There melancholy thought my spirit wooed;
It showed me all the vanity
Of man's ambition, whatsoe'er it be;
Fate mocks and overthrows his pride;
He builds as for eternal years,
But at a breath his glory disappears!
The wanderer on the Tiber's side
With unrewarded toil
Seeks the great city of high Jove. The plough
Breaks up and seams the fruitful soil
Which covers, like a tomb,
The sacred dust of Herculaneum;
And though Pompeii's walls be standing now,

Yet, by the hungry centuries gnawed away,
They crumble and decay,
And tremble lest some fatal wind may blow
And lay them low.

Martinez de la Rosa will long be remembered with gratitude by the Spanish nation, not only as the greatest statesman and orator of his time, but also as an important leader in modern literature.

Angel Saavedra, Duke of Rivas, born in 1791, was also eminent both as statesman and poet. During the War of Independence he fought, sword in hand, on many a bloody field, and won high honors for his courageous conduct. The war being ended, he took some share in political life, and, like Martinez de la Rosa, was compelled to spend much time in exile.

He was closely associated with the literary men of his time, and held an important position among them. His works consist of prose essays, dramas, and poems, of which last the collection of "Historical Romances," a series of ballads on early legends, is the most popular. Saavedra possessed the rare gift of writing verses in the spirit of the early ballads, while still conforming to all the requirements of modern culture. At his recent death Spain was called to mourn

one of the last of her nobles who preserved the courtly chivalrous spirit of ancient Castile.

Antonio Alcalá Galiano (1789–1865) spent many years in England, where he was compelled to take refuge to escape the sentence of death passed upon him for his action with the Liberals during the struggle for the constitution. He employed his time in exile in making himself a master of the English language and literature. He acquired such proficiency that he was an acceptable writer for the English reviews. On the death of Ferdinand the Seventh he returned to Spain, and became an active member of the Cortes, where he was distinguished for his eloquent oratory. In politics he was closely connected with Martinez de la Rosa. He was an industrious literary man, an influential journalist, and author of many valuable articles, not alone on politics, but also on the literary history of Spain.

The number of literary men of this period, who were also of importance in diplomatic circles, was very large. Among them may be mentioned **Javier de Burgos**, who was educated as a priest, but soon forsook the Church for the political arena, in which he

displayed much diplomatic skill and extraordinary firmness of character. He was the author of many poems, a translation of the works of Horace, and some popular dramas. **Francisco Martinez Marina** wrote a "Life of Christ," and some important works on political economy. **Sebastian de Miñano** and the **Marquis of Miraflores** were both celebrated as writers on social and political topics, and Spanish history.

Martin Fernandez de Navarrete (1765–1844) was an officer in the Spanish navy. His most important works were on scientific subjects. He also wrote a valuable history of the early discoveries of America, a critical life of Cervantes, and biographical notices of many Spanish poets.

Another biographer of this period was **Juan Cean Bermudez** (1740–1828), a man of untiring industry, who wrote lives of many poets, painters, and architects. A valuable history of Roman antiquities in Spain and a general history of painting are among his works. He was a warm friend of Jovellanos, and received from him much assistance in his literary labors.

José Gomez Hermosilla (1771–1837) also wrote on Spanish literature. His volume of criticisms on modern Spanish poets ex-

presses so many evidently unjust opinions as to lay its author open to the suspicion that he was often misguided by personal feeling, a thing scarcely credible in a man so learned and of such high character. He was the most celebrated Greek scholar of his age, and author of a translation of Homer's Iliad.

Manuel José Quintana (1772–1857), a native of Estremadura, is a man to whom Spanish literature owes a large debt for his unwearied services during many years. In youth closely associated with Melendez, Jovellanos, and the writers of that period, he lived to pass through the troublous times of the early part of the nineteenth century, to stand side by side with Martinez de la Rosa and the Duke of Rivas in the struggle for constitutional rights, to suffer imprisonment, and to enjoy at last an honored and peaceful old age in Madrid, where he died.

Quintana was the author of "Pelayo," a drama enthusiastically received by the Spanish public, and of much good poetry. His patriotic poems, his odes on the "Battle of Trafalgar" and on the "Invention of Printing" are the work of a lofty and cultivated poet. He also wrote a touching poem on the death of the Duchess of Frias, who, with

her illustrious husband, was a favorite in the circle of devoted patriots during the struggle for a constitutional monarchy. The **Duke of Frias** (1783–1851) was himself distinguished as a writer of much beautiful poetry.

Quintana's greatest service to literature was accomplished through his extensive publications regarding Spanish authors of all periods. His "Treasures of the Spanish Parnassus" is a work invaluable to the student of literature, who may find there not only just criticism, but short lives of poets, from Juan de Mena to modern times, with well-chosen extracts from their works. His "Lives of Celebrated Spaniards" is equally valuable, as it contains accounts of many early heroes.

Antonio Gil y Zárate, who was born in 1796, has also done important service by his "Manual of Spanish Literature," from earliest times to the nineteenth century, his "Historical Résumé" of the same subject, and his works on poetry and rhetoric. He was also a journalist and poet, as well as author of popular dramas: "A Year after Marriage," "Charles the Second," "Blanche of Bourbon," an excessively romantic tragedy, "Rosmunda," and others of less note. Gil y Zá-

rate held important positions under government, and took an active part in the great political movements of his time. He lived to enjoy an honored old age, and his death was sincerely mourned by all the literary world of Spain.

Juan Nicasio Gallego (1777–1858) was closely connected with the Salamanca school of poets, as, being educated in the university of that city, he came much under the influence of Melendez. In his youth he was a diligent student of classic literature, and the inclinations then formed were the guide of his whole life. His judgment was severe and pure, and his enthusiasm was only awakened by those authors who wrote with classic simplicity. After completing his studies he removed to Madrid, where he lived in constant intercourse with Quintana and other literary men. He early began his career as a poet. His ode on the defence of Buenos Ayres against the English in 1807 first attracted public attention to his writings; and his popularity was rapidly increased by such poems as the elegy "The Second of May," a strongly written lament over the dire distress and humiliation of Spain, which on that memorable date first found voice to utter indignant protest against French oppres-

sion. Ochoa says of Gallego's early poems: "They are touchingly sweet, and full of gentle melancholy; but although of easy and pure versification, they are too often founded upon recollections of earlier poets, and too severely classical to gain strong hold on the modern public."

Gallego was a man of unquestioned patriotism, and for several years an influential member of the Cortes. At the time of his death he was secretary of the Royal Academy, which owes much to his extensive culture. To young and struggling authors he was always a friend; and although severely critical, he never failed to bestow encouraging words.

Juan Bautista de Arriaza (1770–1837), of Madrid, was one of the foremost of the patriotic poets at the time of the French invasion. He fought in the ranks, but did still greater service to his country by his enthusiastic verses, which circulated freely among the people, arousing, wherever they were read, a spirit of independence and resistance to foreign power. After the return of Ferdinand the Seventh, Arriaza lived at court, where he pursued a peaceful literary life, paying constant flattery to the existing government by composing poems to the roy-

al family on every possible occasion. He was intensely patriotic, but belonged to the royal rather than the liberal party. Being a man of elegant manners, society made him its pet, and his poetry received the highest praise. **Juan Maria Maury** (died 1846), a Spanish author who spent much of his life in France, and wrote mostly in French, says of Arriaza: "Since Lope de Vega, he is the only Spanish poet who seems to think in verse. Nature made him a poet, but only circumstances made him an author. * * * He writes with clearness of expression rarely found among modern Spanish poets." He was the author of sparkling satires and Anacreontic poems. Among his more serious compositions, "Tempest and War; or, the Battle of Trafalgar," is one of the strongest; and in his "Farewell to Silvia," a sailor's parting words to his sweetheart, he displays the perfection of his graceful style. His poems are, with few exceptions, on subjects connected with the era when they were written. He also published several timely political pamphlets, which show a remarkable degree of statesmanship in this brilliant, versatile man of the world.

Alberto Lista (1775–1848), a celebrated mathematician as well as author, was ap-

pointed professor at Seville when very young, and continued a teacher during his whole life, with the exception of a few years he was compelled to pass in France to escape political persecution. He was a special favorite with his pupils, and deserves much honor for his beneficent influence over the youth of that time. His criticisms on Spanish literature are extensive and valuable. Among his original compositions are a continuation to modern times of Mariana's history of Spain, and many religious and didactic poems. His serious, meditative verses on human life contain a beautiful comparison between a river and the life of man. Beginning with the brook, a silver thread winding half-concealed among flowers and green meadows, image of lovely fragile infancy, the poem follows the gradual growth and ever-increasing strength and power of the stream, until at last, its rapids and swift current left far behind, it peacefully mingles its broad water with the ocean, and disappears forever. All his poetry is rich in thought and pure in sentiment.

With all his gravity, Lista was at times in playful mood, and some of the sweetest and most sparkling of modern *seguidillas* are from his pen.

Two other notable poets of this era of revolution are **José Joaquin Mora** and **Pablo de Jérica.** The former, while a volunteer in the national army, was carried as prisoner of war to France. He was a thorough student of English literature, and made good Spanish translations of several of the Waverley novels. Jérica was author of a celebrated collection of "Stories, Fables, Anecdotes, and Dialogues," taken from early Spanish comedies. Although he distinctly states in the preface to this collection that he does not aspire to the fame of an original author, the grace and brilliancy with which he dresses old material, as well as his original poems, entitle him to a place among notable poets.

There are many other poets of this period; and later, in the nineteenth century, the number is still greater. Foreign wars and internal revolutions had not alone aroused the national intellect; but as nearly all men of culture had been compelled to pass years in exile, it was a natural consequence that much new life and experience should be infused into the nation, and a greater intellectual development result therefrom. While there were no mighty men as have appeared at intervals in the literatures of other coun-

tries, there were large numbers remarkable for superior learning, and especially as writers of melodious poetry. In no other country are there so many poets whose verses are so full of melody. Not only does the language adapt itself with great facility to poetic forms, but the genius of the whole Spanish people is fanciful and illusionary; and the pure poetic element dealing with the beauties of nature and with the tender emotions of the human heart, not falling under the displeasure of the Church, has received no check to its full development.

First among the dramatists of the nineteenth century is **José Zorrilla**, born in Valladolid in 1817. The story of his early life and his first public appearance as a poet is as romantic as one of his own dramas. The father of Zorrilla, a stern lawyer of the old school, had decided that his son should follow in his footsteps, and accordingly laid out for him a strict course of study. But the young poet neglected his classes, and when sought for would be discovered in some shady retreat by the river's side, lost in reverie and meditation. These strange and unstudious habits angered the father to such a degree that he sent the boy to his country estate, declaring that he was only fit to

work in the fields as a laborer. It is pleasant at this juncture to recall that in after years this unreasonable old man, impoverished and helpless, was compelled to call on his son, then a rich and popular author, for assistance, which was gladly given. From the country Zorrilla, determined to try the world in his own way, escaped to Madrid, where he remained unknown for a year, supporting himself by occasional contributions to the newspapers. Then it happened on a sudden that Madrid lost its idol, the brilliant Larra. His remains had been deposited in the grave, and the eloquent Roca de Togores, Marquis of Molino, had pronounced a glowing eulogy over the departed author, when, during the silence that fell on the assembled crowd, a young man stepped forth, and in a voice trembling with emotion proceeded to read some memorial verses. As he was not distinctly heard, Roca de Togores took the paper from the youth's hand, and himself read the touching tribute to Larra. The audience went wild with enthusiasm. A new idol had appeared, and Madrid must do him all honor. Publishers and editors crowded around Zorrilla, each eager to secure his writings, and the life-long success of the young man was se-

cured in a day. There are few Spanish authors who have been so popular, and whose works have brought such liberal returns.

Zorrilla's poems are graceful and melodious. Although he has been criticised for neglecting to follow more carefully the established rules of poetry, his utter freedom of versification appears more as a merit than a defect to those whose souls are sensitive to sweet, subtile harmony. His long religious poem, "Mary," is placed, by its entire freedom from wearisome didactic passages, far above average religious poetry. These are the opening lines:

> I sing the story of a life divine,
> A woman's life, whose memory I adore.
> Oh, Mary-Mother, that sweet name of thine
> My humble heart shall worship evermore.

The poem is divided into various sections, each embodying some sweet legend, and never does the melodious flow of verse nor the poetic imagery fail for an instant.

As a dramatist Zorrilla is still more to be praised. While his dramas are skilfully adapted for stage representation, they are also intensely interesting reading, never failing to excite constant attention from the opening scene to the artistic conclusion.

"The Echo of the Torrent," "The Mill of Guadalajara," "The Shoemaker and the King," "Don Juan Tenorio," "The Dagger of the Goth," and "The Fever," a continuation of the last, are among the most important. "The Dagger of the Goth" and "The Fever" contain the imaginary adventures of Rodrigo with the hermit of the mountains after the defeat at Guadalete. Rodrigo in the hermit's cave is recognized by Teudia, one of the few nobles who had remained faithful to his cause, and who, like his king, had sought refuge in the mountains. After expressing his continued affection and allegiance toward his unfortunate sovereign, he endeavors to animate him to go forth and fight unknown, if need be, against the oppressing Moor. Here is the soliloquy of the king after Teudia has retired:

This faithful friend speaks well. A nobler fate
To die in fighting for a cause not mine,
Than bound by superstition, like a slave,
To vainly weep over unhappy Spain.
I will go forth in the tumultuous world,
My sorrows for my only heritage,
The fatal secret of my name and birth
Wrapt in profound oblivion. None shall know
Who stands concealed behind the helmet's steel.
I only ask to fight alone, unknown,
With those who strike against the Moor for Spain.

Honor and fortune are for me no more.
But if, perchance, in battle I shall fall,
The people crowding round my bleeding corpse
May say: Here lies a man who came at last
To die for Spain, whose life he could not save.
Yet my heart sinks with dread that even they
Might so despise my memory that all
Would view me dead with cold indifference,
As they have seen my throne totter and fall.
Perchance they would rejoice I was no more—
This is thy work, infamous traitor, thou
Hast brought on me the scorn of all the world.
Thy blood alone can still my raging thirst,
For thou and I must battle face to face.

As if summoned by the sudden rage of the king, Count Julian, father of Florinda, and ultimate cause of all Spain's misfortune, appears seeking shelter in the hermit's cell; a bitter scene takes place, in which the count is finally killed by the revengeful dagger of the Gothic king. In the second part, "The Fever," the pathos is increased by the fantastic appearance of Florinda, who, at the close of the drama, falls dead. Although the poetry of this sad story of Rodrigo is exquisitely beautiful, Zorrilla manifests a still higher degree of poetic power in his "Don Juan Tenorio." The character of Don Juan, now so familiar in all countries, originated in Spain. Lope de Vega introduced a personage in his play of "Money makes

the Man," whom he is supposed to have founded upon a notorious member of the Tenorio family of Seville. Many of the details of Lope's play, as the moving statue and visitations of demons, have become intimately connected with Don Juan. The character was, however, more fully developed by Tirso de Molina in his drama, "The Deceiver of Seville." It at once became accepted as the ideal man who, with unmitigated depravity, mingled the qualities of fascination, daring, and sarcastic humor. After the production of Tirso de Molina's play the character of Don Juan travelled rapidly: first to Naples; from there to Paris; and subsequently through the world. Many versions of the character have appeared in Spanish, but none so powerfully developed as in the drama of Zorrilla. This illustrious poet is still living, and much may yet be hoped for from his pen.

Mariano José de Larra (1809–'37) was the son of a surgeon in the imperial army, and spent his childhood with his father in France, where he forgot his native tongue, of which he afterward made such brilliant use. He was a studious, quiet youth, avoiding boyish sports, and finding his chief pleasure in books. His only recreation was chess,

of which he was passionately fond. His father at length sent him to Spain, that he might learn again his native Castilian, and when he acquired sufficient age he began the study of law at Valladolid. His degrees were conferred with honors; but once mingling with the world, his whole character changed. The affectionate, quiet boy became a morbid, suspicious, restless man. Brilliant positions were offered him, but he refused all advances, and devoted himself to writing. Literature was a poor profession at that time in Madrid. It was not only badly paid, but the severe censorship allowed no rest to those whose ambition looked higher than to fill the poet's corner in the government organ. In 1832, changes in public affairs permitting a little more freedom of expression, Larra began to publish the *Pobrecito Hablador*, or what might be translated the Unpretending Speaker, a series of sparkling satires on all topics. "All the World is a Masquerade;" "Theatres;" "The Old Castilian," a character sketch; satirical poems; many papers on many subjects, were included in this collection. The public received the new author with great enthusiasm, and a new paper from the bachiller Juan Perez de Munguia, as he then

styled himself, was eagerly watched for. As Larra avoided all allusion to political matters, he was not molested by the censorship. He was wise enough, too, to pay delicate homage to Queen Maria Christina, acting as regent during the sickness of Ferdinand the Seventh. "There is no nation," he says, "however well governed, where many social abuses do not exist. At this moment we have at our head a queen who is rapidly conducting us to better things, and we, as worthy and obedient vassals, should co-operate with her efforts to extinguish abuses of all kinds." But at length, when the returning health of the king enabled him to again hold the reins of government, the political reaction resulted in a worse intolerance than before; and Larra, suspected more for the power he had gained over the people than for any offending words, was subjected to constant annoyance. Weary with having his writings continually garbled by the censor, Larra stopped his publication. After the death of Ferdinand, wars and rebellions drew all strong men into the political arena. Larra soon became associated with the *Revista Español*, where he wrote under the signature of "Figaro," the name by which he is still popularly known in Spain.

The "Figaro" papers advocated progress, and the popular promulgation of advanced ideas. Nothing could better show his desire that government should go hand in hand with public enlightenment than the following sentence: "This clamor for liberty of the press, so continued, so incessant, so just, contains two principles: it may be considered as simply a political right, claimed by an oppressed nation making a last effort to break its chains; and also as merely a literary movement, required by a people eager for enlightenment. In the first case the press is the bulwark of civil liberty, in the second the palladium of human knowledge."

Larra also wrote some good novels and comedies. His historical romance of "El Doncel," and his drama of "Macias," introduce the character of Macias, el Enamorado of the time of the Marquis of Villena. Neither drama nor novel follows facts of history; and it is said that Larra pictured himself in the unhappy Macias, for his domestic life was one of trouble. The brilliant Figaro, who kept a smile upon the face of all Spain, was the saddest of men. He once said: "A satirist is like the moon, an opaque body only destined to reflect light. He is

perhaps the only one of God's creatures who freely dispenses that which he does not possess." His best writing, he confessed, was done in his saddest moments. As the end drew near he grew more wildly satirical, until at times he almost passed the limits of wisdom. At length his domestic troubles, which, however, were entirely due to his own excitable and strange character, reached a point where he believed himself unable to endure them. His little children hearing a strange sound in his chamber, sought their father only to find him lying dead, shot by his own hand. Thus was suddenly ended one of the most brilliant careers in Spanish letters, when it had scarcely begun.

Modesto Lafuente is also a popular modern satirist. His writings, under the signature of "Fray Gerundio," adopted from the work of Father Isla, are among the sharpest of modern times. He dealt with social life and politics, and his keen witticisms are familiarly quoted wherever Spanish is spoken. He was also the author of a "General History of Spain," published in 1862.

Jaime Balmes (1810–'48) was the most celebrated Spanish writer on philosophy. He was also an eminent theologian, and although a conservative Catholic, he was a

man of such mature thought that he could not be other than liberal. His two most important works, "Fundamental Philosophy," and "Protestantism compared with Catholicism in its Relations to European Civilization," have been translated into English.

Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch (born 1806) was an important member of the circle of literary men who gave brilliancy to Madrid society at the middle of the present century. Although Hartzenbusch was the son of a German resident of Madrid, he was thoroughly Spanish in both character and education. He became a prominent Madrid journalist, and was afterward appointed librarian of the national collection. His works consist of poems and dramas, which last have met with great success on the Spanish stage. Among his most important dramas are "Doña Mencia," "The Mother of Pelayo," and "The Lovers of Teruel," which is founded upon a legend of the thirteenth century—the same touching romance which gave dramatic material to Montalvan and Tirso de Molina. Hartzenbusch is a discriminating critic, and his writings are noted for their sparkling qualities.

Nicomedes Pastor Diaz, although much

of his time was occupied with public affairs, was still one of the sweetest of poets. His poetical works are not numerous, but they are much to be admired for their elegance and purity. "The Bee," "The Artist," the "Ode to the Moon," and "The Black Butterfly" are considered by Eugenio de Ochoa to be the most perfect specimens of modern Spanish verse; and although this opinion may be somewhat exaggerated, it serves to indicate the high position occupied by Pastor Diaz among his contemporaries. He was also the author of many literary biographies and critical essays.

The sweet Cuban poetess, **Gertrudis de Avellaneda**, found in him a valued friend and adviser, and her expressions of gratitude for his assistance are profuse and affectionate. Señora Avellaneda, although much of her life was spent in Madrid, belongs properly to the rich literature of Spanish America, as do also **Rafael Maria Baralt** and other authors, who from their long residence in Spain are often classed among the writers of the Peninsula.

José de Espronceda (1810–'42) was the son of a colonel of cavalry, who served during the war of independence. The mother of the poet accompanied her husband in the

wearisome marches of the campaign, and it was at Almendralejo, a small village where the army was compelled to halt, that the poet was born. Of his childhood little is recorded, but at the early age of fourteen he was already a favorite pupil of Alberto Lista, and leading member of a small society of youths who called themselves *Numantines*. The liberalism of these boys alarmed the government. Their meetings were stopped, and the young poet, with several of his companions, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in a convent. During the solitary hours of confinement the boy devoted himself to writing poetry. He began an epic on the history of the great Spanish hero Pelayo, and although it was never completed, the fragments would have done honor to a poet of maturer years than the youthful prisoner. After his release Espronceda found no peace in his native country. Constantly annoyed by the police, he at length determined to leave Spain. He was penniless, but his courage never failed him, and after suffering much privation he reached London. Here he devoted himself to the study of English literature. The works of Byron were his favorite reading, as he discovered in the author of "Don

Juan" a genius akin to his own. That Espronceda made him his model is apparent in many of his poems; and although the sweetness and morbid melancholy was natural to the Spanish poet, his inclination was probably exaggerated by the study of Byron. When Spain for a season opened her doors to her exiled sons, Espronceda returned to Madrid, and became a journalist; but his extreme liberalism was soon the cause of further trouble. He was the author of an editorial trick which set all Madrid in an uproar, and resulted in the sudden suspension of *El Siglo*, the journal with which he was connected. An issue more fiery than usual was entirely annulled by the censor just before publication. The editors were in great trouble to find suitable matter for the edition, when the unlucky Espronceda discovered that the pencil of the censor had overlooked the titles of the offending articles. The paper was accordingly published an entire blank, with the exception of the titles printed in large type. The effect was electric. "The Amnesty," "Domestic Policy," "Song on the Death of Don Joaquin de Pablo," a much honored patriot—such were the subjects forbidden to be discussed. Madrid was in great excite-

ment. The consequences were a hundredfold more fatal to the government than had the articles appeared in full. Espronceda was compelled to remain in concealment until the fury of the censor had abated.

During his whole life he was more or less connected with public affairs, his fortunes rising and falling with political changes. In 1841 he was sent to the Hague as Secretary of Legation, but the Northern climate was too severe for the already exhausted constitution of the poet. He contracted a disease of which he died the following spring. There was great lamentation in Spain over his early death. Crowds followed his remains to the grave, and the eulogy pronounced by the young poet, Enrique Gil, was interrupted by the sobbing of the listening multitude.

The poems of Espronceda are held in high estimation by his countrymen. Ferrer del Rio in his biography of the poet says: "He possessed a glowing fancy, and to robust versification he united daring forms as well as elegance and grace. Endowed with fearlessness, capable of fervid enthusiasm, he delighted in danger, and even in his poems his soul appears to revel with delight among imaginary terrors." One of his most cele-

brated songs is "The Pirate," a strong, vigorous picture of the buccaneer, who cries "My only country is the sea!" Not less powerful is the "Song of the Cossack," which paints vividly the rush and wild sweep of desert-horsemen. This youthful poet grasped every shade of feeling. Elevated, calm, and pure in his "Hymn to the Sun," he descends to the wildest human passion in the poem "To Jarifa, in an Orgy." In "The Fisherboy" and the "Serenade" he is tender and musical, while in "Condemned to Death" and "The Executioner" he is morbid and terrible. The following verses are from "The Beggar," also a celebrated poem:

The world is mine, I am free as air!
Others must work to give me food;
All shed a tear at my despair
When I beg an alms, for the love of God.

Cottage and palace alike to me
Give shelter free,
When the wrath of the mighty south-west wind
Tears the oak from its home on the mountain-side,
And over the plain sweeps the swelling tide
Of the torrent, leaving destruction behind.
At the shepherd's hearth I'm a welcome guest,
They never deny me food and rest.
In the rich man's kitchen I take delight
In the savory odors of his repast,

And rejoice in the mighty appetite
The remains of the feast will sate at last.
And I say to myself: "Let the wild wind roar,
And the hurricane rage till it can no more;
The trees may tumble, the torrent may sweep—
No terrors or dreams ever trouble my sleep."

The world is mine, I am free as air!
Others must work to give me food;
All shed a tear at my despair
When I beg an alms, for the love of God.

Of lowly birth or of high degree,
The hand that gives is the hand for me,
And I pray for them all, with fervent cry:
From rustic clown or noble dame,
Favors to me are all the same—
I regard not the giver, no, not I!
I neither ask who they may be,
Nor offer thanks for their alms to me;
Who wants my prayers must give me gold,
A pious duty enjoined of old;
Sinful the rich and blessed the poor—
The Lord himself begged from door to door;
And the miser shall surely trouble see
Who shuts his hand against charity.
You may call me a beggar—but who has more?
In the wealth of the world I claim my share;
The rich and the poor give heed to my prayer,
And there comes no end to the beggar's store!

Espronceda is the author of two long poems, "The Student of Salamanca," in which are passages of rare merit, and the

"Diablo Mundo." The latter recalls both "Don Juan" and Goethe's "Faust;" but it is noble in thought, and too rich in original situations to be considered as even an approach to imitation. **José Villalta**, an author and statesman who died in Greece in 1840, writes thus appreciatingly of his brother-poet: "Every poem of Espronceda's is a revelation, every stanza a picture in which nature, whether it be ideal or material, is painted with such fidelity as to appear instinct with life. The artist's touch reveals new forms, new beauties and harmonies which less inspired eyes would have failed to discover. * * * With musical and pure expression, worthy of the lofty subjects he handles, he paints the tenderest emotions, the wildest imagery, carrying us with him now to the distant land whence he sends his melancholy greeting to his beloved country, now up to the golden zenith where glows the sun he so nobly apostrophizes."

Ramon de Campoamor was born in 1817, in Navia, a town of the province of Oviedo. His poetry is much admired in Spain, and eleven editions of his works have already appeared.

Campoamor studied medicine when a youth, but he soon abandoned his books of

anatomy and physiology for the comedies of Lope and Calderon, and the poems of Garcilasso. In 1842 he published a volume of poetry, the success of which, added to his own inclination, determined his future course. He devoted himself to literature, and, like nearly all Spanish men of letters, he became journalist and politician. At different times he has occupied high official positions. As a public orator he has proved himself a man of powerful and eloquent reasoning. All Spain still remembers his famous discourse before the Congress of 1857 on the freedom of the press. He is author of several important prose works, among which are a series of philosophic papers on absolutism and personalism, works on the philosophy of law, and on political history.

Although much of the poetry of Campoamor is written in a melancholy strain, it is more like the sweet languor which comes to a healthy mind after pleasant enjoyment than morbid sadness. His earliest collection of poems, which he calls "Tenderness and Flowers," are verses of charming freshness. The pensiveness and philosophy which appear in his more mature poems have no expression here, while the richness and sponta-

neity of his imagination bubbles on like a woodland brook. The most beautiful of these early poems, if, indeed, a selection can be made, are "The Little Girl and the Butterfly," "Morning, Noon, and Evening," and "Love of the Sierra." In his next series, the *Ayes del Alma* (Soul-Sighs), are many exquisite short pieces, a fragmentary, fantastic poem on the Last Judgment, and a dramatic legend, "A Soul in Pain," which, however, deals more with the passions of this world than with the sufferings of repentance in the next.

Campoamor published a third series of poems under the title of *Doloras*, which contains verses of many kinds—anacreontic, sentimental, and philosophical. Some of his most beautiful poetry is found among the *Doloras*. Here is a song from this collection:

THE BELLS.

For the newly born a celebration,
For the silent dead a lamentation,
The bells forever a chorus ring:
Dongding! Dongding!
Laughing and weeping in their song:
Dingdong! Dingdong!

Now for the living, now for the dying,
The iron-throated bells are crying;

And if to-day a pleasure bring,
Dongding! Dongding!
My heart becomes its tomb ere long:
Dingdong! Dingdong!

Forever are grief and joy united,
Forever by death sweet life is blighted.
To fading hopes we vainly cling:
Dongding! Dongding!
Joy is feeble, sorrow is strong!
Dingdong! Dingdong!

Among Campoamor's other works are two long poems, "Columbus," and "The Universal Drama," and many fables and sparkling epigrams, where, although he speaks plain truths, he is never bitter nor unkind.

While this poet deserves to be honored for the exquisite music of his versification, for his poetic fancy, and for much noble thought, his admirers can never cease to regret that a man capable of better things should so often mar his poems by offensive sentiments.

It would be impossible within the limits of aught but a complete history of literature to mention even the names of the Spanish poets of the nineteenth century. A few who should not be overlooked are the following: **Jacinto Salas y Quiroga**, who also publish-

ed several volumes of travels in South America; **Joaquin Pacheco**, already mentioned as a biographer; **Francisco Camprodon**, a Catalonian, author of short poetic dramas, the best of which is "The Flower of a Day;" **Serafin Calderon**, poet and novelist; **Pedro Madrazo**; **José Somoza**; **Santo Lopez Pelegrin**; and **Salvador Bermudez de Castro**, editor of the *Revista de Madrid*, one of the most interesting of modern publications.

Among modern dramatists **Antonio Garcia Gutierrez** (born 1813) is worthy of note, not only as a friend of Zorrilla, and collaborator on some of his plays, but as the author of dramas containing much beautiful poetry. His "Troubadour" is the most celebrated. Gutierrez belongs to the school which has successfully opposed the influence of Moratin, who, although he was in reality the founder of modern Spanish drama, injured it by too close imitation of French models. Breton de los Herreros and Gil y Zárate were the first who strove to give a truer national character to the theatre, while Zorrilla, with his purely Spanish plays, established the national stage on a sure foundation. The dramas of Hartzenbusch also belong to the Spanish school, as well as those of **Patri-**

cio de la Escosura, who is also a writer of modern romances. **José de Castro y Orozco** has published some poetic dramas, the best of which is "Fray Luis de Leon," in which he also introduces the character of Diego de Mendoza. Very little Spanish dramatic writing is in prose. When not in rhyme, it flows along in easy verse measure, rendered still more musical by the constantly recurring *asonante*.

José Amador de los Rios (1818–'78) is numbered among the most eminent scholars of the nineteenth century, and at his recent death Spain was forced to part with one of her noblest men, one who, still in the prime of life, was laboring vigorously, and constantly adding new treasures to the world of letters. Amador de los Rios studied at the Imperial College of Madrid, and was for a long time a scholar of Alberto Lista. He was learned in the ancient languages, and his whole strength was devoted to historical and archæological research. No one has done more than he to revive an interest in Spanish antiquities, and to search out the early records of his country. He has published learned works on the Latin and Gothic remains in Spain and on early art, and his "Social, Political, and Religious History of

the Jews in Portugal and Spain" is one of the most important historical works of modern times. This learned writer was also a thorough student of Spanish literature, and his "Critical History" is the most comprehensive work published on that subject.

Emilio Castelar, who was born at Cadiz in 1832, is well known in America, as well as throughout Europe, as an eminent orator and writer. The father of Castelar, although a merchant, was an active Liberal, and involved in several revolutionary movements. He died when his son was only six years old.

Castelar was a studious youth, and especially fond of history. His literary power began early to manifest itself, and when scarcely twenty years old he was already attracting much attention by his brilliant writings in the serial publications of Madrid.

The political life of Castelar is closely connected with the last twenty years of Spanish history. He has always maintained the position of a liberal Republican, and has been a leader in all Republican movements. For three months—from September, 1873, to January 1874—he enjoyed the honor of being at the head of the Spanish govern-

ment. But although Castelar is a man of strong intellect, an orator, by whose flow of eloquence all opposing factions are for the time overpowered, he did not possess enough organizing capacity to control Spain at the terrible crisis of disorder and confusion at which he was called to take command. It is only just to admit that in such a difficult position perhaps no man, however great his statesmanship, could have done better. It is difficult to form a correct estimate of a public man while he is still in the fight, and only in after years, when time brings impartiality, does true success or failure become determined.

As a literary man, Castelar awakens deep admiration. His style is perhaps too flowery for an unpoetic reader, but even this slight defect becomes a merit when his works are read in the original Spanish. Few writers handle that melodious language with such ease and beauty. The images rush and crowd upon each other as if their impulsive author was scarcely able to grasp words fast enough to follow the rapidity of his thought. His extensive reading and marvellous memory never leave him at a loss for examples to support his theories and assertions. The whole history of the

world appears stored away in the brain of Castelar, and the desired points are always found when needed. It is more for the vast knowledge they display, and for their eloquence and beauty of language, than for either depth of thought or sound judgment that the writings of this Spanish author are to be praised.

His industry, and the rapidity with which he composes, are shown by the large number of volumes he has already published. Many are collections of lectures and essays. Among these are "Civilization during the five first Christian Centuries," lectures delivered at the Madrid *Ateneo*, a society for the promotion of literature and science; "The Republican Movement in Europe," a series of papers written for *Harper's Magazine*. The admirable translation was the work of Mr. John Hay, former Secretary of Legation at Madrid. "History, Religion, Art, and Politics," and "Social and Political Questions," are both collections of articles first published in the newspapers of Madrid. His volumes of speeches are worthy of praise which can be accorded to few works of the kind; they are fascinating reading. Speeches, when the eloquence and personal magnetism of the orator's presence are wanting,

are too often dry and wearisome, even when they contain noble thought. This can never be said of Castelar's. In these utterances of this brave man there is such powerful enthusiasm, such eloquent phraseology, that every sentence stirs the reader as if the voice of the orator was ringing in his ears.

Castelar has also published several volumes, the result of his travels during the seasons when political troubles have compelled him to leave Spain. No book of foreign sketches could be more charming than his "Remembrances of Italy," a portion of which has been published in English under the title of "Old Rome and New Italy." Never were Venice, the Colosseum, or the Campo Santo of Pisa graced with more beautiful language. A poet and philosopher walked among them, and drew lessons from their ancient grandeur to delight and instruct the world. As Castelar grows more mature, his writings, although still loaded with wonderful, flowery imagery, contain more substantial thought.

He has tried his hand at dramatic writing in the "Redemption of the Slave," and is the author of several novels; but in neither of these branches of literature does he

show much power. In biography he is more successful. His collection of *Semblanzas*, or short lives of modern celebrities, of which the most important is that of Napoleon the Third, displays a fair amount of artistic power in drawing character. But it is as an orator, and as a writer on the growth and development of nations, that Castelar excels; and in these he has never had an equal in Spanish literature.

Among other modern prose writers and scholars are **Pascual de Gayangos**, professor of Arabic in the Madrid University, and author of a work on the Mohammedan dynasties in Spain; **Eugenio Tapia**, who wrote a history of civilization in Spain, containing much valuable literary information; several novels of society, and some dramas and poems; **Vicente Salvá**, author of a standard Spanish grammar, and of much valuable criticism on Spanish literature; **Juan Donoso Cortes**, an energetic writer on public topics; **Ramon de Mesonero**, whose writings on the social and domestic life of Madrid have attracted much attention. Unlike the majority of Spanish authors, Mesonero avoids politics, and no allusion to public affairs is to be found in his sparkling sketches. He has also written some good

narrative poetry. **Eugenio de Ochoa** has published several valuable works on Spanish literature. His literary industry was remarkable. He edited many volumes of selected extracts from writers of all ages; he was an active journalist; was several times the incumbent of official positions, and, besides making many translations from French authors, he also wrote original dramas, poems, and romances.

The number of Spanish literary women is small. The education hitherto afforded to young girls in Spain has not been of a kind to stimulate a vigorous intellectual development. **Señora Vicenta Maturana** is worthy of mention as one of the best of the few poetesses, whose productions consist chiefly of sweet hymns to the Virgin and to the moon. Some female novelists have also appeared in Spain within a comparatively recent period. The most celebrated of these is **Cecilia Böhl de Faber** (1797–1877), who is known in literature as "Fernan Caballero." The father of this gifted woman was a German, a man of education, who, although he was permanently settled in Spain, and connected by marriage with a cultivated Spanish family, never relinquished his hold

on the literature and learning of his native country. The education of his daughter was under his constant supervision. She was equally familiar with German, English, and French, and her course of reading was chosen with the greatest care. She early began her career as a writer. Her first novel, "The Alvareda Family," received such high praise from Washington Irving, then in Spain, that the author was encouraged to persevere. "The Alvareda Family" was first written in German; but her second romance, "La Gaviota" (The Sea-Gull), appeared as a serial in a Spanish newspaper. The enthusiasm it created was intense, and from that time "Fernan Caballero" was the pet and pride of Spain. Her novels are of a moral and religious character. The simple plot is gracefully developed, without excitement, with no startling occurrence, the interest being centred upon the quiet pictures of domestic life, and the development of quaint character. Her pleasure was not among the rich; she delighted to study rustic habits in some secluded Andalusian hamlet, and picture them to the world with her graphic pen. Her beloved Andalusia was her wealth of material, and even if her little romances are sometimes childish and laden with absurd

superstition, her true pictures of Spanish peasant life are sufficient to render them a valuable addition to literature.

Another woman whose writings are much admired is **Maria del Pilar Sinues de Marco.** She is the author of pleasant romances of domestic life, and of a work on woman, in which she gives her ideas in regard to female education and development, picturing the duties of daughter, sister, wife, and mother. **Carolina Coronada** is also an eminent writer of modern times. While these women manifest remarkable imagination and much beauty of thought, their writings give but little real intellectual satisfaction. Their failings, however, appear to spring more directly from the lack of breadth and freedom of education and training than from want of natural power. With the growth of liberal ideas, which must in time gain ground, even in Spain, much is to be hoped for from the naturally brilliant intellect of Spanish womanhood.

The number of modern novel-writers is very large. There are many pleasant domestic romances; but too many writers are still imbued with the spirit of ancient Castile, and while their works are artistic in

plot, and abound in dramatic situations, they enter too deeply into love, intrigue, jealousy, and consequent elopements, duels, and murders, to be entertaining reading for peoples of calmer temperament and more modern culture. There are some dialect writers, who have published entertaining volumes of short stories, wherein are pictured the simple life and domestic customs of the lower classes in Galicia, Andalusia, and Catalonia.

The present character of Spanish literature is progressive. The intellect of Castile, always vigorous and noble, is fast trampling down the bounds which for centuries have confined it within prescribed limits; and there is every indication that the coming era of Spanish letters will be characterized by a marked increase of breadth and liberalism. The combination of liberty of thought with the rich imagination and thorough culture of Spain would secure a glorious future for its literature.

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